

7

To Front Vol. II.



*For pointed Satyr, I wou'd Buckhurst choose,
The best good Man with the worst natur'd Muse.*

P O E M S

By the EARLS of

R O S C O M O N

A N D

D O R S E T;

The DUKES of

D E V O N S H I R E,

B U C K I N G H A M, &c.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the YEAR, M.DCC.XXXIX.

P O E M S

R O S C O M O N

A N D

D O R S E T ;

THE DUKES OF

D E V O N S H I R E

B U C K I N G H A M

V O L . II



L O N D O N

Printed in the Year M D C C X X X



THE
CONTENTS
OF THE
Second VOLUME.



Some MEMOIRS of the LIFE of the Earl of *Roscomon*,
with his Character by Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Fenton*.

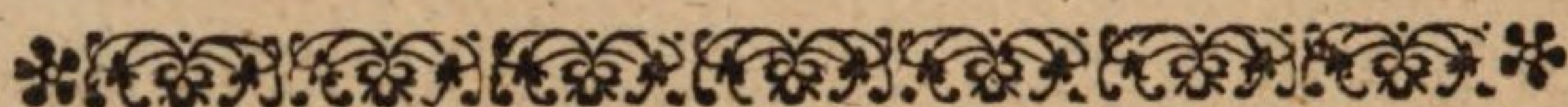
Page 1 to 15

POEMS by the Earl of *ROSCOMON*, viz.

THE Vision	15
The Scene of <i>Care Selve Beate</i> , in <i>Pastor Fido</i> , paraphrased	16
The Ghost of the Old House of Commons, to the New One appointed to meet at <i>Oxford</i> , 1681.	18
The Speech of <i>Tom Ross's</i> Ghost, to his Pupil the Duke of Monmouth	21
Stanzas to a young Lady who sung finely, but was afraid of a Cold	22

iv The CONTENTS.

On the Death of a Lady's Lap-Dog	Page 23
<i>Horace</i> , Book I. Ode 22. imitated	ibid.
On the Last Judgment	25



POEMS by the Earl of DORSET, viz.

Mr. <i>Dryden's</i> Character of the Earl of <i>Dorset's</i> Poems	28
On the Countess of <i>Dorchester</i> , Mistress to King <i>James</i> the Second, written in the Year 1680.	30
On the same	31
On <i>Dolly Chamberlain</i> , a Sempstress in the <i>New Ex-</i> <i>change</i>	32
A faithful Catalogue of our most eminent Ninnies, writ- ten in the Year 1683.	ibid.
To a Person of Honour, on his incomparable incompre- hensible Poem, <i>The British Princes</i>	48
To Sir <i>Thomas St. Serfe</i> , on his Play called <i>Tarugo's</i> <i>Wiles</i> : Or, <i>The Coffee-House</i> , a Comedy, acted at the Duke of <i>York's</i> Theatre, 1668.	50
Epilogue to <i>Moliere's Tartuffe</i> , translated by Mr. <i>Med-</i> <i>bourne</i>	51
—— On the Revival of <i>Ben Johnson's</i> Play called <i>Every Man in his Humour</i>	52
Knotting, wrote in Compliment to Queen <i>Mary</i>	55
A Song to <i>Chloris</i> , from the blind Archer	56
—— On <i>Black-Bess</i>	57
—— Written at Sea, in the first <i>Dutch War</i> 1665, the Night before an Engagement	58

Miscel-

The CONTENTS.

v



Miscellaneous P O E M S by several H A N D S, viz.

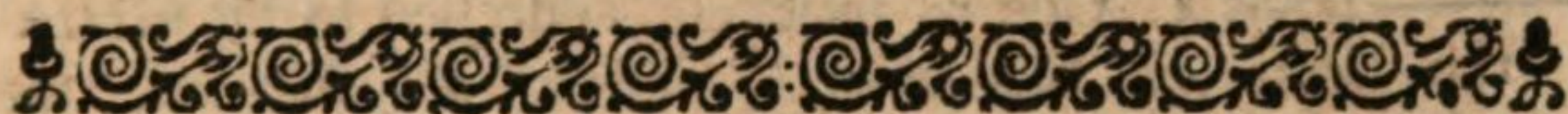
Dryden's Satire to his Muse, written by the Lord Somers
Page 62

The Inchantment, by Mr. Otway 73

The Enjoyment, by the same 74

The *Miller's* Tale, from *Chaucer*, inscrib'd to *N. Rowe*,
Esq; by Mr. Cobb 76

Baucis and *Philemon*, imitated from the 8th Book of
Ovid, by Dr. Swift 102



P O E M S by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, viz.

On the Death of Queen *Mary*, by the Duke of *Devon-*
shire, 1694. 108

Allusion to the Archbishop of *Cambray's* *Telemachus*,
written in the Year 1707, by the same 112

The *Female Reign*, an Ode, alluding to the 14th Ode of
the 4th Book of *Horace*, attempted in the Stile of
Pindar, with a Letter to a Gentleman in the Univer-
sity of *Cambridge*, by Mr. Cobb 118 to 134

An Essay on Poetry, by the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*
134

To the Queen, on the Death of his Royal Highness
Prince *George* of *Denmark*, 1708, by Dr. Trapp 147

A Poem on the Death of our late most gracious Sove-
reign Queen *Anne*, and the Accession of his most ex-
cellent Majesty King *George*, translated from the *Latin*
of Bishop *Smalridge*, by Mr. Sewell 152

The Dream, occasioned by the Death of Queen *Anne*,
by *Aaron Hill*, Esq; 155

The Wedding-Day, by the same	Page 159
The Gnat, by the same	162
<i>Susannah</i> and the two Elders, an Imitation of <i>Chaucer</i> , by Mr. <i>Prior</i>	163
—— Attempted in a modern Stile, by Mr. <i>Cobb</i>	164
Epitaph on Mr. <i>Fenton</i> , 1730, by Mr. <i>Pope</i>	165
Translations of the following Verse from <i>Lucan</i> , <i>Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni</i>	166
The Prospect, written in the <i>Chiosk</i> at <i>Pera</i> , overlooking <i>Constantinople</i> , Dec. 1717, by Lady <i>Mary Wortley</i> <i>Montague</i>	167
<i>Horace</i> , Book 3. Ode 3. imitated, by <i>W. Walsh</i> , Esq;	171
—— Book 4. Ode 5. imitated, addressed to his Grace the Duke of <i>Marlborough</i> , instead of <i>Augustus</i> , to whom it is dedicated in the Original	175
The Discovery	179
<i>Dildoides</i> , by Mr. <i>Butler</i> , Author of <i>Hudibras</i> , occasi- oned by a Burning a Hoghead of those Commodities at <i>Stocks-Market</i> , in the Year 1672, pursuant to an Act of Parliament, then made for the prohibiting of <i>French Goods</i>	182
The Delights of <i>Venus</i> , translated from <i>Meursius</i>	189
Lord <i>Rocheſter</i> , against his Whore-Pipe	202
The Mock-Song	204
An Interlude	205
A Panegyrick upon Cundums	207
The happy Life of a Country Parson, by Dr. <i>Swift</i>	213
On a Lady ſinging to her Lute, by Mr. <i>Waller</i>	214
On Silence, by Lord <i>Rocheſter</i>	ibid.



Some MEMOIRS of the Earl of ROSCOMON:

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

S I R,



YOU having heard that a great many Particulars concerning the Life of the Earl of ROSCOMON, were once promised to the Public by Dr. *Chetwood* Dean of *Glocester*, but by many Accidents delayed; I have therefore ventured, upon your Request, to give you all such Certainties as may be depended upon, without entering into a Detail of Things that are meerly Traditional.

For a Person so remarkable, I must be plain in telling you, that all former Accounts fall very short of his natural and acquired Accomplishments; the Writers contenting themselves with telling us (as they too frequently do) that he was *Born*, and *Died*; with something very dry and barren between, to support the Honour of their Narrative, as a *true and faithful History*. How despicable these Things are, in the Eyes of Men of Sense and Spirit, you very well know; and I am sure that I should make but a poor Acquittal of my Promise, unless I went a little farther than they have done.

VOL. II.

B

His

His Name is of very great Antiquity in *Ireland*, as Sir JAMES WARE, and other Historians of that Kingdom, will inform you. His Family, in all Probability, were dignified with great Honours, soon after the Conquest of that Kingdom, and were originally Natives of *England*. The Earldom which he inherited, came to him by a long Descent, though there does not seem to be much of remarkable Note among them to acquaint the World with, before his Time: Since his Death, indeed, some Branches of his Family, who followed the Fortunes of the late King JAMES, have made considerable Figures abroad, especially in the Army, wherein this Earl took his first Step to Knowledge and Fortune. It appears, that the House he was descended from, were of the *Roman-Catholick Religion*; but his Father* being very early converted from it, his Son WENTWORTH was educated in the *Protestant Persuasion*. I shall pass over the Particulars of his Youth, with only mentioning one Story from Mr. JOHN AUBREY the Antiquary, † which I leave to the Credit of You and the Reader, not without observing, that the Relater was a well-informed tho' credulous Person. “ *The Lord ROSCOMON, being*
“ *a Boy of ten Years of Age, at Caen in Normandy one*
“ *Day was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing,*
“ *leaping, getting over the Table-boards, &c. He was*
“ *wont to be sober enough; they said, God grant this*
“ *bodes no ill Luck to him: In the Heat of this extra-*
“ *gant*

* JAMES DILLON, Earl of Roscomon. † See Mr. Aubrey's Miscellanies, 8vo. Printed for E. Curll.

“ *gant Fit, he cries out, My Father is Dead. A Fort-*
 “ *night after, News came from Ireland, that his Father*
 “ *was Dead. This Account I had from Mr. Knolles,*
 “ *who was his Governour and then with him; since Se-*
 “ *cretary to the Earl of Stafford: and I have heard his*
 “ *Lordship's Relations confirm the same.* ”

After the Death of his Father, it seems doubtful what Method was taken in his Education; tho' by a hint of Mr. DRYDEN's, it looks as if the *Military Service* was his first Employment, but in what Degree is uncertain:

ROSCOMON first in *Fields of Honour* known,
 First in the peaceful *Triumphs of the Gown*;
 He both MINERVAS justly makes his own. *

3

That he was at *Oxford*, Mr. WOOD makes plainly to appear, † and took his *Degrees in Arts*; but whether he was a Member of that University, or only complimented them with a short Stay there, is equally uncertain. He was nominated to be created *Doctor of Laws* in the Year 1683, when several other Noblemen || *Proceeded* in the same; but what perhaps was a Compliment to

B 2

their

* See his Verses, prefixed to his Lordship's *Essay on Translated Verse*. Lond. 4to. 1684.

† See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 11. Pag. 893.

|| Robert Bulkley, second Son of Robert Lord Bulkley, Viscount Cashels in Ireland; and Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

their Birth, was directed to his Lordship's *Merit*: however, he did not take that *Degree*.

The next Notice we have of *Him*, is, as a *Courtier*; when, by the particular Interest of the KING's Brother, the Duke of *York*, he was made Captain of the *Band of Pensioners*, and afterwards, *Master of the Horse* to the Dutchess of *York*; both which Places he continued in, as I am assured, to the Time of his Death, contrary to the Reports of other Writers.

To speak of him as a Gentleman and a Poet, would be to enumerate all the good Qualities which the best of either ever enjoyed. In these States, though he never courted, yet he had the Applause of all the knowing and judicious Men of his Time. Mr. WALLER and Mr. DRYDEN have spoke of him to such an Advantage, that if his *Works* were not left to justify their *Opinion*, it might seem *Flattery*. Besides them, he was acquainted with, and admired by all the *Wits* of that famous *Æra*, King CHARLES the *Second's* Reign; and if we may be allowed to guess from his Writings, Mrs. KATHERINE PHILLIPS, of the *Female Sex*, seems to have been his Favourite.* But of all the Persons whom he honoured with

* He wrote the *Prologue* to the Tragedy of POMPEY, Translated by Her from the *French* of Monsieur Corneille; and another Prologue spoken to the Duke of *York* at *Edinburgh*, upon reviving one of her Plays. His Lordship also wrote an *Epilogue* to ALEXANDER the Great, when Acted at *Dublin*. Mrs. PHILLIPS (in a Letter

with his Friendship, none was so dearly intimate with him, as the learned and ingenious Dr. CHETWOOD. If you will be pleased to read that incomparable Copy of Verses of His, before the *Essay on Translated Verse*, you will be convinced what a near Alliance there was, both of *Heart* and *Genius*, between those eminent Persons. It is a great Pity that he does not, for he only can, give us a full Account of his Lordship's Life and Character. His *Genuine Works* are well known, † and need no Recommendation; especially, not that *borrowed* one of giving him an Applause due to another, as has been lately done, by an ignorant Editor, in ascribing to his Lordship *Two Poems, The Prospect of Death*, by the Reverend Mr. Pomfret *; and, *The Prayer of Jeremy Paraphrased*, by Mr. Southcot. †

I can tell you no more of him, but that he died in the Close of the Year 1684, at St. James's, and was

B 3

buried

Letter from *Dublin*, Oct. 19. 1662.) gives him this Character: " My Lord ROSCOMON is a very ingenious
" Person, of excellent natural Parts, and certainly the
" most hopeful young Nobleman in *Ireland*. " See LETTERS from ORINDA to POLIARCHUS, 12mo. Lond. 1729.

† Besides his Poetical Works, (*viz.* 1. His Translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*. 2. An *Essay on Translated Verse*. 3. Some small Pieces) his Lordship, at the Duke of Ormond's Request, Translated into *French* Dr. Sherlock's *Case of Allegiance*, &c. 1682.

* See Mr. Pomfret's Poems, Printed for E. Curll.

† See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*, Printed for B. Lintot.

buried in *Westminster-Abbey*. His Character you may gather from the best Writings of his Cotemporaries; where you will find him, in short, a fine Gentleman, a sincere Friend, an universal Master of the Sciences; and a Poet whose Works, all that ever pretended to Poetry have insured us, will last to the latest Posterity: For, as Mr. POPE says, in his *Essay on Criticism*,

*Such was Roscomon! not more Learn'd than Good;
With Manners generous as his Noble Blood;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry Author's Merit but his own.*

I am, SIR,

Sincerely, Yours,

London,

Nov. 16. 1717.

GEORGE SEWELL.



Mr.



Mr. *Dryden's* CHARACTER of the
Earl of *ROSCOMON*.

THE Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*,
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom;
The Muses' Empire is restor'd agen,
In *Charles's* Reign and by *Roscomon's* Pen.
Yet modestly He does his *WORK* survey,
And calls a *finished Poem* an *ESSAY* ; *
For all the *needful Rules* are scatter'd here ;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
(So well is *Art* disguis'd, for *Nature* to appear.)
Nor need those *Rules* to give *Translation* light ;
His *own Example* is a Flame so bright ;
That he who but arrives to *Copy* well,
Unguided will *advance* ; unknowing will *excel*.
Scarce his own *Horace* † could such *Rules* ordain,
Or his own *Virgil* § sing a nobler Strain.
To what *Perfection* will our *Tongue* arrive,
How will *Invention* and *Translation* thrive,

B 4

When

* On *Translated Verse*.

† His *Translation* of *The Art of Poetry*.

§ His *Translation* of *The Sixth Eclogue*.

When Authors *nobly* born will bear their Part,
 And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art!
 When these *translate*, and teach *Translators* too,
 Nor *firstling* Kid, nor any *vulgar* Vow
 Should at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;
Roscomon writes to that auspicious Hand,
 MUSE feed the BULL that spurns the yellow Sand.
Roscomon, whom both Courts and Camps commend,
 True to his Prince, and Faithful to his Friend.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1684.

P. S. Dr. KNIGHTLEY CHETWOOD, Dean of Gloucester, Died in the Year 1728. And, it is greatly to be feared, his MEMOIRS, relating to the Earl of Roscomon, are lost.



POST.



POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE this Edition of the Earl of Roscomon's Works has been in the Press, the Publick has been obliged with a fine Edition of Mr. *Waller's* Poems, by Mr. *Fenton*, who has likewise made several most judicious *Observations* to illustrate the Writings of that excellent Poet and his Contemporaries; among whom, our Author, not being the least considerable, we shall here give some Particulars not known to us before, *viz.*

Of my Lord Roscomon, says Mr. *Fenton*, I think I am enabled to give a fuller Account than has hitherto appear'd, *viz.*

He was born in *Ireland*, when that was under the Administration of the Earl of *Strafford*, to whom his Lordship's Mother (descended from the *Boyntons* of *Bramston* in *Yorkshire*) was nearly related: And when He was Baptized, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the Sur-Name of his own Family (*Wentworth*).

His Lordship passed the first Years of his Infancy in *Ireland*; but Archbishop *Usher* having reclaimed his Ba-

ther from the Church of *Rome*; the Earl of *Strafford*, apprehending that his Family would be exposed to the most furious Effects of Religious-Revenge, at the Beginning of the *Irish* Rebellion, sent for his God-Son into *England*, and placed him at his own Seat in *Yorkshire*, under the Tuition of Dr. *Hall*, afterwards Bishop of *Norwich*, a Person of eminent Learning and Piety. By him he was instructed in *Latin*; and without learning the common Rules of Grammar, which he could never retain in his Memory, he attained to write in that Language with Classical Elegance and Propriety; and with so much Ease, that he chose it to correspond with those Friends who had Learning sufficient to support the Commerce.

When the Cloud began to gather over *England*, and the Earl of *Strafford* was singled out for a Prey to popular Fury; by the Advice of the Lord Primate *Usher*, he was sent to compleat his Education at *Caen* in *Normandy*, under the Care and Direction of the famous *Bochartus*. After some Years he travell'd to *Rome*, where he grew familiar with the most valuable Remains of Antiquity; applying himself particularly to the Knowledge of Medals, which he gained in Perfection: And spoke *Italian* with so much Grace and Fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a Native. Soon after the Restoration he returned to *England*, where he was graciously received by King *Charles II.* and made Captain of the Band of Pensioners. In the Gaieties of that Age he was tempted to indulge a violent Passion for Gaming; by

by which he frequently hazarded his Life in Duels, and exceeded the Bounds of a moderate Fortune. A Dispute with the Lord *Privy-Seal*, about part of his Estate, obliging him to revisit his Native Country, he resigned his Post in the *English* Court: And soon after his Arrival at *Dublin*, the Duke of *Ormond* appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved *Horace* observed, that, *The Diseases of the Mind are seldom cured by Change of Air* * ; the Truth of which was confirmed by his Lordship's Example: For, he was there as much as ever distempered with the same fatal Affection for Play; which engaged him in one Adventure that well deserves to be related, viz.

As he returned to his Lodgings from a Gaming Table, he was attacked in the Dark by three Ruffians, who were employed to Assassinate him: The Earl defended himself with so much Resolution, that he dispatched one of the Aggressors; whilst a Gentleman, accidentally passing that Way, interposed, and disarmed Another; the Third secured himself by Flight. This generous Assistant was a disbanded Officer, of a good Family, and fair Reputation; who, by what we call the Partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the Iniquities of the Times, wanted even a plain Suit of Cloaths to make a decent Appearance at the Castle. But, his Lordship on this Occasion, presenting him to the Duke of *Ormond*,

Ormond, with great Importunity prevailed with his Grace, that he might resign his Post of Captain of the Guards to his Friend; which, for about three Years the Gentleman enjoyed: And upon his Death, the Duke returned the Commission to his generous Benefactor.

The Pleasures of the *English* Court, and the Friendships he had there contracted, were powerful Motives for his Return to *London*. Soon after he came, he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of *York*: And married the Lady *Frances*, eldest Daughter of *RICHARD Earl of Burlington*, who before had been the Wife of Colonel *Courtney*.

About this Time, in Imitation of those learned and polite Assemblies, with which he had been acquainted abroad; particularly one at *Caen*, (in which his Tutor *Bochartus* died suddenly, whilst he was delivering an Oration) he began to form a Society for the refining and fixing the Standard of our Language; in which Design his great Friend Mr. *Dryden* was a principal Assistant. A Design! of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable Idea, than any rational Hope ever to see it brought to Perfection among us. This Project, at least, was entirely defeated by the Religious Commotions which ensued on King *James's* Accession to the Throne: At which Time the Earl took a Resolution to pass the Remainder of his Life at *Rome*; telling his Friends, it would be best to sit next to the Chimney when the Chamber smoaked. Amid these Reflections he was seized

seized by the Gout; and being too impatient of Pain, he permitted a bold *French* Pretender to Physick to apply a repelling Medicine, in order to give him present Relief; which drove the Distemper into his Bowels; and in a short time put a Period to his Life. The Moment in which he expired, he cried out, with a Voice that expressed the most intense Fervor of Devotion,

*My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my End*.*

He was buried with great Funeral Pomp; but his Friends seem to have thought his own Writings a more durable Monument, than any they could erect to his Memory. And in them we view the Image of a Mind which was naturally Serious and Solid; richly furnished, and adorned, with all the Ornaments of Art, and Science; and those Ornaments unaffectedly disposed in the most regular, and elegant Order. His Imagination might have probably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his Judgment had been less severe: But that Severity (delivered in a Masculine, Clear, succinct Stile) contributed to make him so eminent in the Didactical Manner, that no Man with Justice can affirm he was ever equalled by any of our own Nation, without confessing at the same time that he is inferior to none. In some other Kinds of Writing

* See his Translation of the *Dies Iræ, Dies Ille.*

14 POSTSCRIPT.

Writing his Genius seems to have wanted fire to attain the Point of Perfection: But, who can attain it!

Mr. *Fenton* concludes these curious Particulars of the Earl of *Roscomon's* Life, (which it is strongly to be presumed were communicated to him by Dean *Chetwood*) with informing us, that, Mr. *Waller* addressed the Poem to his Lordship, on his Translation of *HORACE's Art of Poetry*. Ann. *Ætat.* 75.



POEMS



P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of Roscomon.



The VISION.

TO the *pale* Tyrant, * who to horrid Graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,
Ungrateful, We do gentle *Sleep* compare,
Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
But woful Cares, that load Men while they wake.

When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,

Do

* *Death.*

DORINDA came, divested of the Scorn,
 Which the un-equall'd Maid so long had worn:
 How oft in vain, had *Love's* great *God* essay'd
 To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid!
 Yet spite of all the Pride that swells her Mind,
 The humble *God of Sleep* * can make her kind.
 A rising Blush increas'd the native Store
 Of Charms, which but too fatal were before.

Once more present the VISION to my View,
 The *sweet Illusion*, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely *she*, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest *God of Sleep*, and let me DIE.

* MORPHEUS.



The SCENE of *Care Selve Beate*,
 in PASTOR FIDO, * Paraphrased.

DEAR happy Groves, and you the dark Retreat
 Of silent Horror, Rest's eternal Seat!
 How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
 Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid:

O!

* *Pastor Fido*, i. e. *The Faithful Shepherd*, is an Italian Pastoral; the whole of which is Translated by Sir Richard Fanshawe.

O! if kind Heaven had been so much my Friend,
 'To make my Fate upon my Choice depend ;
 All my Ambition I would here confine,
 And only this *Elysium* should be mine.
 Fond Men, by Passion wilfully betrayed,
 Adore those Idols which their Fancy made ;
 Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
 We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare ;
 And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
 Opprest with Blessings, which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an unconstant Good,
 Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood :
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And, with our Youth, our short-liv'd Beauty dies.
 In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
 If our Abundance makes us wish for more ;
 How happy is the harmless *Country Maid*,
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid !
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
 But, like her Soul, preserves the native White ;
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,
 Who, free from Storms, which on the *Great Ones* fall,
 Makes but *few Wishes*, and enjoys them all ;
 No Care but *Love* can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares, the sweetest and the best.
 While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
 Our happy *Lover* feeds upon her *Eye* ;
 Not *One* on whom, or *Gods*, or *Men* impose,
 But *One* whom *Love* has for this *Lover* chose :

Under

Under some fav'rite *Myrtle's* shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions in repeated Vows;
 And whilst a *Blush* confesses how she burns,
 His faithful *Heart* makes as sincere *Returns*;
 Thus in the Arms of *Love* and *Peace* they lie,
 And while they *Live*, their Flames can never *Die*.



*The GHOST of the Old House of
 Commons, to the New one ap-
 pointed to meet at Oxford, 1681.*

FROM deepest Dungeons of eternal Night,
 The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains and Spite,
 I have been sent to tell You tender Youth
 A seasonable and important Truth!
 I feel, (but O! too late) that no Disease
 Is like a Surfeit of luxurious Ease;
 And of all other, the most tempting Things,
 Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings.
 None ever was superlatively ill,
 But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill;
 And some, whose Meaning has at first been fair,
 Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
 My Time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
 Keep the *first Blossoms* from the *Blast of Sin*;
 And by the Fate of my tumultuous Ways,
 Preserve yourself, and bring serener Days.

The

The busy subtle *Serpents* of the *Law*,
 Did first my *Mind* from true *Obedience* draw ;
 While I did *Limits* to the KING prescribe,
 And took for Oracles that *canting Tribe*,
 I chang'd true *Freedom* for the *Name* of *Free*,
 And grew *Seditious* for *Variety* ;
 All that oppos'd Me, were to be *accus'd*,
 And by the *Laws* I legally *abus'd* ;
 The *Robe* was summon'd, MAYNARD at the Head,
 In *legal Murder*, none so *deeply* read :
 I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet un-expiated) *Blood*
 Of the brave STRAFFORD, when *Three Kingdoms* rung
 With his accumulative *Hackney-Tongue* ;
Pris'ners and *Witnesses* were waiting by ;
 These had been taught to *swear*, and those to *die*,
 And to expect their arbitrary *Fates*,
 Some for *ill Faces*, some for *good Estates*.
 To fright the *People* and alarm the *Town*,
 BEDLOE and OATES employ'd the *Rev'rend Gown*,
 But while the *Tripple Mitre* bore the *Blame*,
 The KING's *Three Crowns* were their *Rebellious Aim* :
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,
 And took for mine the *BETHELS* and the *WARDS*.
 Anti-Monarchic-Hereticks of *State*,
 Immoral, Atheists, Rich and *Reprobate* :
 But above all, I got a little *Guide*, †
 Who ev'ry *Ford* of *Villainy* had try'd.

None

† The Earl of Shaftsbury.

None knew so well the old pernicious Way
 To ruin *Subjects*, and make *Kings* obey;
 And my small JEHU, at a furious Rate,
 Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty-Eight*.
 This the *King* knew, and was resolv'd to bear;
 But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
 All that this happy Island could afford,
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.
 In his whole *Paradise*, one only *Tree*
 He had excepted, by a strict Decree;
 A sacred *Tree*, which *Royal Fruit* did bear;
 Yet It in Pieces I conspir'd to tear;
 Beware, my Child! *Divinity* is there.
 This so out-did all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and He endure no more.
 My unprepar'd and unrepenting Breath
 Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death;
 And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd *
 To th' Utter Darkness of the lower World:
 A dreadful Place! which You too soon will see,
 If you believe *Seducers* more than me.

* *Shakespeare.*



The



*The SPEECH of Tom Rofs's GHOST,
to his PUPIL the Duke of Monmouth.*

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
The *King's* Betrayal, and the *Peoples* Slave,
Like SAMUEL, at thy Negromantic Call,
I rise to tell thee, *God has left thee SAUL.*
I strove in vain th' Infected Blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy, when the Spring's impure.
In all your meritorious Life we see
Old TAFF's * invincible Sobriety.
Places of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,
You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once supply:
From SIDNEY's † Blood your *Loyalty* did spring;
You show us all your *Fathers*, but the *King*,
From whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he, who such a *Viper* warms;
As dutiful a Subject as a Son)
To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' *old Apostate* fell,
Out-do his Pride, and merit *more than Hell*;

Both

* *Shaftsbury.*

† *Algernon Sidney.*

Both He and You were glorious and bright,
 The *First* and *Fairest* of the *Sons of Light*;
 But when, like Him, You offer'd at the Crown,
 Like Him, your angry Father kick'd you down.



STANZAS on a Young LADY who
 sung finely; but, was afraid of a Cold.

I.
WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
 'Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea;

In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
 Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend;
 Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
 Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow.

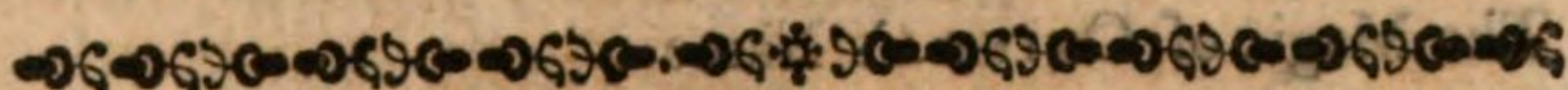
II.
 Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
 While you these lesser Ills create;
 These we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
 And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
 From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
 At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

III.
 May that Celestial Sound each Day
 With Extasie transport our Souls,
 Whilst all our Passions it controuls,
 And kindly drives our Cares away;
 Let no ungentle Cold destroy,
 All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.



On the Death of a Lady's Lap-dog.

THOU, happy Creature, art secure
 From all the Torments We endure:
 Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
 Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet Thee;
 A sullen Prudence drew Thee hence,
 From Noise, Fraud and Impertinence;
 Tho' Life, essay'd the surest Wile,
 Gilding itself with LAURA's Smile.
 How didst Thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,
 Thou, who cou'dst break from LAURA's Arms!
 Poor *Cynic*! Still methinks I hear
 Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear;
 As when on LAURA's Lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless Croud away.
 How fondly Human Passions turn!
 What we then Envy'd, now we Mourn!



*An Imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode 22.
 Integer vitæ, &c.*

I.

VIRTUE, dear Friend, needs no Defence,
 No Arms but its own Innocence;
 Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
 Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

II.

II.

An honest Mind safely alone,
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepest *Scythian* Snows;
Or where the fam'd *Hydapses* flows,

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless Fire,
Our great ORINDA * I admire;
The hungry Wolves, that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace;
When there, her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain;
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magic of ORINDA's Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

* Mrs. Katherine Phillips.



On the LAST JUDGMENT. *

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As DAVID and the SYBILS say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wondrous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV.

Nature and Death shall with Surprise,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes:

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VOL. II.

C

VI.

* This is a Translation of the *Church Hymn*, beginning thus, *Dies Iræ, Dies Illæ, &c.*

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne;
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! What Int'rest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have Cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X.

Thou, who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too Great to pay)
Before the sad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my Tears.

XIII.

XIII.

Thou, who wert mov'd with MARY's Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Prayer;
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death.
Thou great CREATOR of Mankind,
Let Guilty MAN Compassion find.



Mr. *Dryden's* CHARACTER of the
Earl of *DORSET's* POEMS. *



HERE is not an *English* Writer this Day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several Parts of *Poetry* which you have undertaken to adorn. I will not attempt in this Place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyric* Poems, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. There is more of *Salt* in your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients; but you have been sparing of the *Gall*, by which Means you have pleased all Readers, and offended none. Your Writings are every where so full of Candour, that, like *HORACE*, you may expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, that you add that *Pointedness* of *Thought*, which is visibly wanting in our Great *Roman*. That which is the prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *VIRGIL*, which distinguishes him from the rest of Writers, is so conspicuous in your Verses, that it casts a Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present.

* See A Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire. Addressed to the Earl of Dorset.

present. I read you with Admiration and Delight. For my own Part, I must avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in *Satire*, wherein I have not studied your Writings, as the most perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest Commendation which my own Partiality can give my Productions, is, that they are *Copies*, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the *Original*. Some few Touches of your Lordship, some *secret Graces* which I have endeavour'd to express after *your Manner*, have made *whole Poems of mine* to pass with *Approbation*; but, take *Your Verses* all-together, and they are *Inimitable*.





P O E M S

B Y T H E

Earl of *DORSET*.



On the Countess of Dorchester, Mistress to King James II. Written in the Year 1680.

I.

TELL me, DORINDA, why so gay,
Why such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way,
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

II.

Wilt Thou still sparkle in the Box,

Still ogle in the Ring?

Canst Thou forget thy Age and Pox?

Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks

Make Thee a fine young Thing?

III.

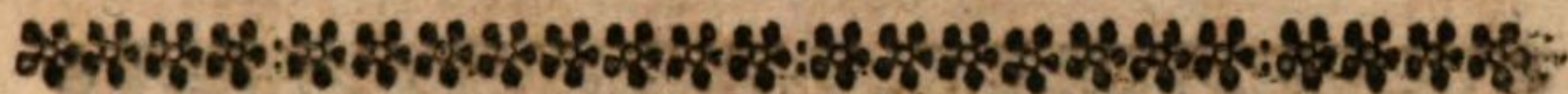
So have I seen in Larder dark

Of Veal, a lucid Loin;

Replete with many a brilliant Spark,

(As wise Philosophers remark)

At once both stink and shine.



On the SAME.

I.

PROUD with the Spoils of Royal Cully,

With false Pretence to Wit and Parts;

She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,

To try the Tempers of Men's Hearts.

II.

Tho' she appear as glitt'ring fine,

As Gems, and Jests, and Paint can make her;

She-ne'er can win a Breast like mine,

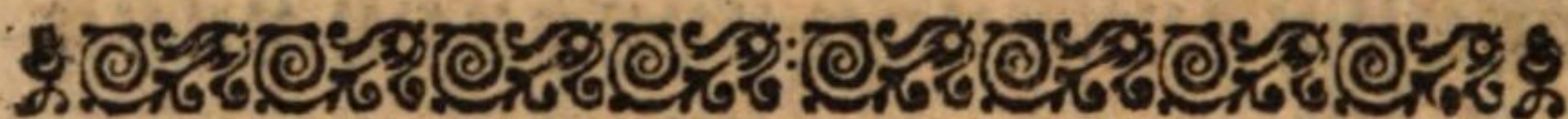
The *Devil* and *Sir David* * take her.

* *Sir David Colyear*, late Earl of *Partmore*.



On Dolly Chamberlain, a Sempstress in the New-Exchange.

DOLLY's Beauty and Art,
Have so hemm'd in my Heart,
That I cannot resist the Charm :
In Revenge I will stitch
Up the Hole next her Breech,
With a Needle as long as my Arm.



*A Faithful CATALOGUE of our
most Eminent NINNIES.*

Written by the Earl of DORSET,
in the Year 1683.

*Quos omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti Pueri atque Puellæ.*

Hor. Sat. I.

CURS'D be those dull, unpointed, doggrel Rhimes,
Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our impious Times.
Rise thou, my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,
Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn;

Inspir'd

Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,
 Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy Weight.
 I scorn a giddy and unsafe Applause:
 But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.
 Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrhah* tell,
 If their curs'd Walls deserv'd the Flames so well.
 Go on, my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim
 The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,
 Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,
 Pimp Statesmen, Canting Priests, Court Bawds and Whores:
 Exalted Vice its own vile Name does sound,
 Thro' Climes remote, and distant Shores renown'd.
 Thy Strumpets, *Charles*, have 'scap'd no Nations Ear,
Cleveland the Van, and *Portsmouth* leads the Rear:
 A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,
 As ever were produc'd of Human Seed.
 To all but Thee, the Punks were ever kind,
 Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.
 Both steer'd thy P——e, and the Nation's Helm;
 And both betray'd thy P——e, and the Realm.
 O BARRARA! * thy execrable Name
 Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame.
 Could not the num'rous Host thy Lust suffice,
 Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;
 When their bright Beams were through our Orb display'd,
 And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage paid?
 O sacred *James*! may thy dread Noddle be
 As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:

* The Dutcheſs of *Cleveland*'s Chriſtian Name.

But if that good and gracious Monarch's Charms,
 Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;
 What strange mysterious Spell, what strong Defence,
 Can guard that Front, which has not half his Sense?
 Poor *Shrewsbury's* Fall, ev'n her own Sex deplore,
 Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy Whore.

But *Grafton* bravely does revenge her Fate,
 And says, Thou court'st her thirty Years too late;
 She scorns such Dwindles; her capacious A——
 Is fitter for thy Scepter than thy T——.

Old *Delamer*, *Shrewsbury*, and *Mordaunt*, know,
 Why in thy stately Frame she lies so low;
 And who but her dull Blockhead would have found
 Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground?
 Thro' the large Sash they pass (like *Jove* of old)
 To her attendant Bawd, in Show'rs of Gold.

Mordaunt (that insolent ill-natur'd Bear)
 From the close Grotto, when no Danger's near,
 Mounts like a rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.
 But when by dire Mischance the harmless Maid
 In the dark Closet, with loud Shrieks, betray'd
 The naked Letcher, what a woful Grief
 It was? Th' Adulterers flew to his Relief,
 And sav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.

Defenceless Limbs the well-arm'd Host assail'd;
 Scarce her own Pray'rs with her own Slaves prevail'd:
 Though well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his Weight
 And begg'd *Actæon's* Change, to 'scape *Actæon's* Fate:
 But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he bounds,
 And, swift as Hinds, out-strips the yelling Hounds.

Beware

Beware Adulterers, betimes beware,
 You fall not in the same unhappy Snare:
 From *Norfolk's* Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape,
 S——e on contented with a willing Rape,
 On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed,
 Which never does surprizing Dangers dread.
 Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray,
 Her C——s will mount in open Clay;
 And from *St. James's* to the Land of *Thule*,
 There's not a Whore who S——s so like a Mule:
 And yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deserves a worse,
 Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse.
 A fitter Couple sure were never hatch'd;
 Some marry'd are indeed, but these are match'd.
 But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
 Why should the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life?
 Or why should he to *Megg's* or *Circut's* come,
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home?
Mulgrave * (who all his Summons to big War,
 Safely commits to his wife Prince's Care)
 Lords it o'er Mankind, and is the first,
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
 Well has his Staff a double Use supply'd,
 At once upheld his Body and his Pride.
 How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore?*
Damn her, she ugly; Rascal, fetch me more;

C 6

Bring

* He carried the Lord *Peterborough's* Challenge to the King.

Bring in that black-ey'd Wench; Woman, come near;
 Rot you, you draggled Bitch, What is't your fear?
 Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame,
 As he for the dear Part from whence he came.
 Thine, crafty *Seymour*, was a good Design;
 For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine:
 But thou thy self must needs confess, that she
 Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee.
 Her noble Protestant has got a Flail,
 Young, large, and fit to feague her briny Tail;
 But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,
 Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with Lust.
 Tho' *Prince*, as Goats, she courts in vain her Drone;
 The *Frigid* he, and the *Torrid* Zone.
 Both Friend and Foe he with vast Ruin mauls,
 Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.
 Had I, O! had I his transcendent Verse,
 In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearse
 'That deep Intrigue, when he the *Princess* woe'd,
 But lov'd Adult'ry more than Royal Blood.
 Young *Ossory*, (who lov'd the haughty Peer)
 Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare:
 But to her Memory we must be just;
 'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.
 O *Wharton*, *Wharton*! what a wretched Tool,
 Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool?
 'Thy rammish spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well known,
 Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow down,
 'The' mumbled, and spit out by half the Town:

How

How well my honest *L——* *n* she knows,
 The many Mansions in thy *F——* House?
 How often prais'd thy dear curvetting *T——*,
 Which thou rid'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?
 How big with Joy she went with thee to Church,
 When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch?
 Ev'n *E——* *t*, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with such a Whore.
 To *Pancras Tom*, there such as she resort;
 (That * Mother-Church too does all Sinners court)
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
 'Tis Time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
 That *B——* *y*'s Spouse may pride it in her Box,
 With Face and *C——* all martyr'd with the Pox.
 In some deep Sawpit, both their Noddles hide;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best Bride.
 Ah *Tom*! thy Brother like a prudent Man,
 Has chosen much the better *Haradan*:
 She, a good-natur'd candid Devil, shows
 Him all the Bawding Jilting Tricks she knows.
 Thy *Rook* some trivial Cheats her Blockhead learns,
 While he the Master *Hocus* ne'er discerns.
 To Pox and Plague, O! may she subject be,
 As she's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free:
 Her actual Sins invalidate the first,
 With ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurs'd.
 To thee, *Lucina*, she need never call,
 Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall;

And

* *St. Pancras* Church said to be the Mother of *St. Paul's*.

And what with needless Labour I disclose,
 Her well-stretch'd —, and rivel'd Belly shows.
 Whoever, like *Charles D—g*, scorns Disgrace,
 Can never want, altho' he lose his Place:
 That Toothless Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,
 Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach;
 And let what will the Church or State befall,
 One fulsome crafty Whore maintain'd 'em all.
Scarsdale, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,
 And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.
 Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,
 For *Mustard*, *Soap*, *Milk*, *Small-coal*, *Swords* and *Guns*;
 Two rev'rend Officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking Levee ev'ry Morn,
 And in full Pomp his Palace-Gates adorn.
 But which is most in vogue, is hard to tell,
 The public Bawd, or private Centinel;
 That blubber'd Oaf, for two dull dribbling Bouts,
 Maintains two Bastards made of *Jenny's* Clouts.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd *Evelyn* spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with Child;
 But who can think that pestilential Breath
 Should raise up Life, that always blasts with Death?
 'Tis strange *Kilgore*, that refin'd *Beau Garçon*
 Was never yet at the *Bell-Savage* shown,
 For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.
 It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind;
 But the dull venom'd Drought in vain employ'd,
 Like the false *Serpent's*, was itself destroy'd.

With

With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by equiv'cal Generation bred.
 An honest * *Solan* Goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine Creature, and of more Esteem.
 No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his Soul's *ex traduce* or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will, I fear;
 No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jerk
 His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.
 If aged *Delamer* has left the Trade,
 And had enough of costly Masquerade,
 With Flames renew'd, your old Amours pursue,
 Now *Rocheſter* has nothing else to do.
 Well done, old *Hyde*, we all thy Choice adore,
 She is the younger, and much better Whore.
 But *Hickes* has sure, to his eternal Curse,
 Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.
 That blazing Star still rises with the Sun,
 And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.
 St. *Peter* ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice;
 But good St. *Edward* scorns to be so nice:
 He, ev'ry Mass, abjures what he before,
 On Tests and Sacraments so often swore.
 His Mother-Church will have a special Son
 Of him, by whom his Father was undone.
 He turn'd, because on Bread alone he'd dine,
 And make the Wafer save his Bread and Wine.
Mammon's the God he'll worship any Way,
 And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.

Forbid

* *These Fowls are only bred in some Parts of Scotland.*

Forbid it Heav'n, I e'er should live to see
 Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be.
 Fill'd with such Miscreant Profelytes as he.
Miserere Domine! Ave Maria!
 Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Gonorrhæa*.
 Was e'er (dread *James*) so much Affection shown?
 He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own.
 How *Shrewsbury* prays, that old adult'rous Fap
 May find it a *Cormegan* swinging Clap!
 Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,
 And yet, with perilous Pangs, brought forth a Son!
 Our * *Chyro-Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt,
 'Till he the sprawling Bantling heard and felt.
 And now it surely cannot be deny'd
 By him, who cur'd the *King* of what he dy'd.
 How *Herbert* boasts, that his wise King's-Head Crew
 Foretold the dismal Times we all should rue.
 Curs'd be the Screech-Owls! that rebellious Crowd
 Presag'd, indeed, *Rome's* swift Approach, as loud,
 As wise *Cassandra's* boding Voice of old,
 The wretched Fate of ancient *Rome* foretold.
 But why is he against the bringing in
 Any Religion that indulges Sin?
 He who his other Charges can retrench,
 To save ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;
 Or be content to part with twenty Pound,
 If Mrs. *White* insure her being found.
 That Idiot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad
 To serve him now, for Favours she has had.

But

* Dr. King, a Man-Midwife.

But who (dear *Harvey*) ever heard before
 Of Gratitude in any common Whore?
 She mounts the Price, and goes half Snack herself,
 And well knows how to cully such an Elf.
 Poor *Jenny* I must needs much more applaud,
 A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
 Like the *French* King, he all his Conquests buys,
 And pow'rful Guineas still subdues their Eyes.
 How his smug little black-ey'd Harlot gaz'd
 On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
 But *F*—— (not trusting to the Miser's Truth)
 Like *Joseph's* Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
 Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,
 With aukward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.
 But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the near,
 Unless he got my Lady *Gerhard* there?
 Her Qualities to all the World are known,
 Fair as his Kin, and honest as his own.
 She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,
 And loves to S——e in her own Tribe, like *Jews*
 Incest with nearest Blood, Adult'ry, all
 Her darling Sins, we may well Deadly call.
 Whate'er in Times of Yore she may have been,
 Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivel'd Skin.
 Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare
 What she and *Orkney* did so often there.
 That * scribbling Fool, who writes to her in Metre,
 And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter:
 Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate;
 For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.

To

* Mr. *Wolfeley*.

To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place;
 And yet to show he is not in that Race,
 Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace.
 His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,
 Like *Memphis's* Siege, or *Bulloign's* radiant Lines.
 Among the Muses all the Time he spends,
 And his whole Study tow'rd *Parnassus* bends:
 Yet if for his, one handsom Thought be shown,
 Stop the dull Thief; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
Satire's his Joy; but if he don't improve,
 Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
 That Fop she *Herbert* more than Thee admires;
 He often quenches her lascivious Fires.
 In vain poor *Harvey*, with ridic'lous Joy,
 Shews her, and ev'ry Fool, his hopeful Boy.
 His City Songstrefs, says, keep such a Pother,
 He'll ne'er be able to get her another.
 Join, then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,
 And make them happy, as they were before;
 That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk
 Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, Die drunk.
 Why, *Harding*, has the good old Queen the Grace,
 To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon Face?
 Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been free
 From *Irish* Priggs, and such dull Sots as he.
 The wakeful Gen'ral, conscious of thy Charms,
 Dreads thine, as much as *Monmouth's* fierce Alarms.
 Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between
 A greasy whiggish Dolt, and *Charles's* Queen.

There.

There is, and *Harding* soars not yet so high,
 His ogling Pignies doat on Lady *Di*. *
 That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,
 For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.
 And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,
 For all our *Kings* are made of Flesh and Blood.
Vernon, the Glory of that lustful Tribe,
 Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe:
 To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,
 But freely gives what Nature freely gave.
 Like Heirs to Crowns, with such Credentials born,
 Her hasty Bastards private Entries scorn;
 In midst of Courts, and in the midst of Day,
 With little Peril force their easy Way.
 But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
 And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.
 'Twas well advis'd old *Kirk* no Dangers fear'd;
 No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard:
 In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,
 Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes.
 Fair *Theodosia*! thy Romantic Name
 Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame:
 But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,
 I'd almost swear, thou art a very Maid.
 Go on, and scorn our common S——g Rules;
 Let *Wincup* make th' incestuous Uncles Fools:
 While *Prudence* pimps, and such a Foe combines,
 Impregnate more and more by feedy Loins;
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large Womb should bear,
 Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry Day o'th' Year,
 Proud

* Lady Diana Howard.

Proud *Ormond* justly thinks her *Dutch-built* Shape
 A little too unwieldly for a Rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first Assault, surrenders up the Town.
 But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd imperial Seat.
 That batter'd Fort, which they with Ease deceive,
 Pillag'd and sack'd, to the next Foe they leave.
 And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge will try't;
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless Wight;
 Not that to any Principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing Sp—m.
Shrewsbury well knew the banning Hour, when Seven
 The Main throws out, or else a Nick, Eleven:
 When her decrepit Spend-thrift, troopless *Rook*,
 Is meek as *Moses* hid in Fire and Smoak..
 Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate:
 But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,
 Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.
 Both Claims seem just and great; but gen'rous *Hales*,
 Who on the right Side, always is, prevails..
 He will not only save its Life, but Soul;
 So poor *Paul Kirk* is fobb'd off for a Fool.
 But 'tis all one; Sir *Courtly Nice* does swear,
 He'll go to Mrs. *Grace* of *Exeter*.
 But why to *Ireland*, *Bennet*? Is't the Clime,
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time?
 Ungratefully indeed thou did'st requite
 The skilful Goddess of the silent Night,

By whose kind Help thou wast so oft before
 Deliver'd safely on thy native Shore.
 Thy Belly shin'd, and an unusual Load
 Made thee believe *Kirk's* Shoulders were too broad.
 And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee roar:
 And if poor *Tussey Mussey* should be tore,
 Wisely resolv'd, *Ned* should ne'er see it more:
 But since all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At *Irish C——s*, which in all Climes are safe.
 Justly false *Monmouth* did thy Lord declare,
 'Thou should'st not in his Crown nor Empire share.
 Indeed (dear Pimp) it was a just Design,
 Seeing he had so small a Share of thine.
 Brave *Framingham*, that thund'ring Son of Arms,
 With pow'rful Magic conquer'd both your Charms.
 Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, ran away,
 Just like that cursed Miscreant, Coward *Gray*;
 And as poor *James* from his new Subjects did,
 At last, from thy fair Breast the Gen'ral fled.
 His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mien,
 Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.
 Nor wert thou sorry, since most Seeds are found
 To flourish better, when we change the Ground.
 He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,
 Could please the less than did strong *Delamer*:
 Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,
 He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But politick *Monmouth* thought it too much Grace,
 For one t' enjoy too long so great a Place.
 Chamberlain next succeeds the lovely Train,
 And round his Neck displays a Captive's Chain: He

He, greater Fool, than any of the rest,
 They say, will marry with the trimming Beast;
 Which if he does, O! may his Blood be shed
 On that high Throne where her last Traytor bled.
 Myſterious Pow'rs! what wond'rous Influence
 Governs, that ruling Star, poor Mortal's Senſe?
 What unknown Motives our dread King perſuades,
 To make lewd *Ogle* Mother of the Maids.
 The Gracious Prince had ſure much wiſer been,
 Had he made *Sheppard* Tutreſs to the Queen;
 And then, perhaps, her chaſt Inſtructions wou'd
 Have ſav'd a World of unbegotten Blood:
 But pious *James*, with Parts profound endu'd,
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.
 A Leſh of Strumpets, all of the Court Breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
 Ye ſcoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,
 Than that ſmall paultry Whore more highly born;
 If you are wiſe, apply yourſelves betimes:
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,
 And the King does whate'er he's bid by * *Grimes*.
 Which made the wiſer Choice, is now our Strife,
Hall has his Miſtreſs, or the Prince his Wife:
 Thoſe † Traders ſure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender Birds they ſell.
 The learned Advocate, (that rugged Stump
 Of old *Nol*'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump;

And

* By whom ſhe got the Reverſion of Mr. C—'s Place.

† Both Poulterers.

And 'tis no Miracle, since all the *Hoyles*
 Were giv'n, they say, to raise intestine Broils:
 But seeing, to the upright Juror's Praise,
 We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;
 The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,
 Who F—— one Daughter than a hundred Sons.
 Prepost'rous Fate! while poor Miss *Jenny* bawds,
 Each foreign Fop her Mother's Charms applauds.
 Autumnal Whore! To ev'ry Nation known!
 A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.
 Forgive me, chaster *Harding*, if I name
 Her stinking Toes with thine of sweeter Fame.
 Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;
 But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.
 What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,
 Ten Civet Cats can hardly make her sweet.
 From all the Corners of noisome Town,
 The Filth of ev'ry Brute can freely down
 To that insatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,
 'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.
 Poor *Buckingham* in unsuccessful Verse,
 And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes rehearse:
 Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight;
 Her *Life's* a *Satire*, which no Pen can write:
 And therefore cursed may he ever be,
 As when old * *Hyde* was catch'd with *Rem in Re*.

Cætera desunt.

* *The Earl of Mulgrave found Her in the Fact with Lord Rochester.*

To



*To a Person of Honour, on his Incomparable Incomprehensible Poems. **

Come on ye Criticks, find one Fault who dare;
 For, read it backward, like a *Witch's* Prayer,
 'Twill do as well; throw not away your Jest
 On solid Nonsense that abides all Tests.
 Wit, like Tierce-Claret, when't begins to pall,
 Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
 But, in its full Perfection of Decay,
 Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in Play.
 Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast, indeed;
 On what else should thy Worm of Fancy feed?
 Yet in a *Filbert* I have often known
 Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.
 This Simile shall stand in thy Defence,
 'Gainst such dull Rogues as now and then write Sense.
 Thy Stile's the same, whatever be thy Theme,
 As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.
 He lies, dear NED, who says thy Brain is barren,
 Where deep Conceits, like Vermin, breed in Carrion.
 Thy

* *The BRITISH PRINCES. An Heroic Poem. Written by the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq; Printed in the Year 1669.*

Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly.
 So the dull *Eel* moves nimbler in the Mud,
 Than all the swift-finn'd Racers of the Flood,
 As skilful *Divers* to the Bottom fall,
 Sooner than those that cannot swim at all,
 So in this Way of Writing, without Thinking,
 Thou hast a strange * *Alacrity in Sinking*.
 Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
 And with acquir'd Dulness, and new Arts
 Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers Hearts.
 Therefore, dear NED, at my Advice, forbear
 Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer,
 Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller*:
 Thou sett'st thy Name to what thyself dost write;
 Did ever *Libel* yet so sharply bite?

* Alluding to an Expression of Sir John Falstaff's in
 Shakespear's HENRY IV.





*To Sir Thomas St. Serfe, on his Play
called Tarugo's W I L E S: Or, The
Coffee-House. A Comedy. Acted at
the Duke of York's Theatre, 1668.*

TARUGO gave us Wonder and Delight,
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light.
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
T'oblige and serve his Friends a nobler Way;
Make all our old Men Wits, Statesmen the Young,
And teach ev'n *English* Men the *English* Tongue.

JAMES, on whose Reign *all peaceful Stars* did smile,
Did but attempt th' *Uniting* of our *Isle*.
What Kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this Work of thine.
For who is such a *Cockneigh* in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the *Southern* Part,
To scorn that UNION by which he may
Boast 'twas his Country-man that writ this Play?

PHOEBUS himself, indulgent to thy Muse,
Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse;
Fair *Northern* Lads, it is not thro' Neglect
I court thee at a Distance, but Respect.

I

* *The Motto borne by K. James I. was, Beati Pacifici.*

I cannot act, my Passion is so great,
But I'll make up in Light, what wants in Heat.
On thee I will bestow my longest Days,
And crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays.
My Beams that reach thee shall employ their Pow'rs
To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.
Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,
Poets and Stars shine brightest in the Frost.



Epilogue *spoken by* TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of *Wit*,
Against the still-prevailing *Hypocrite*;
Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;
And *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at *English* Knaves, is dang'rous then,
While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men:
But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free Leave with this our *Monsieur ANANIAS*.
A Man may say, without being call'd an *Atheist*,
There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and *Papist*,
That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
That use (*enjoy the Creature*) to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;

And, in a decent Way, perform them too
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you :
 Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
 We Godly phrase it *Gospel-Propagation*,
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
 Zeal stands but Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.
 Silent, and in the Dark, for fear of Spies.
 We march, and take Damnation by Surprise.
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
 Can go so far tow'rs Hell for Half-a-Crown,
 As I for Sixpence, for I know the Way ;
 For want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray :
 Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
 Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's grave and wise,
 Take a TARTUFFE of known Ability,
 To teach and to Increase his Family ;
 Who shall so Settle lasting Reformation,
 First Get his Son, then Give him Education.



Epilogue on the Revival of Ben John-
son's Play called, Every Man in
his Humour.

INtreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,
 To make me speak in such a Play's Defence.
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of Comedy:

The

The Scene (what more absurd!) in *England* lies,
No *Gods* descend, nor dancing *Devils* rise;
No *captive Prince* from unknown Country brought;
No *Battle*, nay, there's scarce a *Duel* fought;
And something yet more sharply might be said;
But I consider the poor *Author's* dead;
Let that be his Excuse——Now for our own,
Why, —— Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,
Pox on 'em, Rogues, what made 'em chuse this Play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not Choice, but meer Necessity;
To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;
Have Patience but 'till *Easter* Term, and then
You shall have *Jigg* and *Hobby-horse* agen.
Here's Mr. MATTHEW, our domestic Wit,*
Does promise One o'th' Ten Plays he has writ;
But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,
Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:
When any Fasts, or Holidays, defer
The public Labours of the *Theatre*,
We ride not forth, altho' the Day be fair,
On ambling Tit, to take the Suburb Air;
But with our *Authors* meet, and spend that Time
To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.
Wednesdays and *Fridays* constantly we fate,
Till after many a long and free Debate,

D 3

For

* Mr. MATTHEW MEDBOURN, an Eminent Actor,
belonging to the Duke of York's Theatre.

For divers weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly Sense should still to Rhime Submit.
This, the most wholesome *Law* we ever made,
 So strictly in this EPILOGUE obey'd,
 Sure no Man here will ever dare to *break*.

[*Enter JOHNSON'S Ghost.*]

Hold, and give Way, for I myself will speak;
 Can You encourage so much Insolence,
 And add new Faults still to the great Offence
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit,
 Against the mighty Powers of Art and Wit?
 When they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,
 SEJANUS, and my best lov'd CATALINE:
 Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall
 The Curse of many a Rhiming Pastoral:
 The *Three* bold *Beauchamps* * shall revive again.
 And with the *London-Prentice* † conquer *Spain*.
 All the dull Follies of the former Age
 Shall find Applause on this corrupted Stage.
 But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,
 So long since due to my much-injur'd Plays,
 From all past Crimes I first will set you free,
 And then inspire some One to write like Me.

* *Alluding to the Three Parts of Henry VI. by Shakespeare.*

† *The London PRODICAL. A Comedy, by Shakespeare.*

KNOT.



KNOTTING. *

AT Noon, in a Sunshiny Day,
The brighter LADY of the May,
Young CHLORIS innocent and gay,
Sat KNOTTING in a Shade :

Each slender Finger play'd its Part,
With such Activity and Art,
As would inflame a youthful Heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain, by Chance, came by,
He saw no Anger in her Eye ;
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted Ball ;
But strait gave STREPHON such a Call,
As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but Thee ?
With Innocence I dare be free ;
By so much Truth and Modesty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

D 4

Come

* This was wrote in Compliment to Queen MARY.

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap;
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap.

Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.

She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be:
For this thy dull Fidelity,
I'll trust you with my Flocks, not Me,
Pursue thy grazing Trade;

Go milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By Me mistaken Maid.

*A SONG to CHLORIS, from the
Blind ARCHER. **

I.

AH! CHLORIS, 'tis time to disarm your bright Eyes,
And lay by those terrible Glances;
We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

* CUPID.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long Time of Courting;
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
For all Maidens are Mortal at Fourteen.

*A SONG on BLACK BESS.*

I.

Methinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With PHILLIS and CHLORIS in every Song;
By Fools, who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair.
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of bonny BLACK BESS.

II.

This BESS of my Heart, this BESS of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with Ease you may span her round Waist;
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest;
But I know what I think, when I drink to the Best.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the arranter Clown,
At Home she subdu'd in her Paragon-Gown;
But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town-Gallants are forc'd to submit:

All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord *Craven's* Drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehall*,
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;
If a Lord should but whisper his Love in a Crowd,
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the QUEEN over-hearing what BETTY did say,
Would send Mr. *Roper* to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear BESS in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp and to trip in her Pace;
And with Head on one Side, and a languishing Eye,
To kill us by looking as if she would die.



SONG. *Written at SEA, in the first
Dutch-War, 1665, the Night before
an Engagement.*

I.

TO all you Ladies now at Land
We Men at Sea indite;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write;

The

The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you.

With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain ;

Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the Wind,
To wave the Azure Main,

Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,

Roll up and down our Ships at Sea.

With a Fa, &c.

III.

Then, if we write not by each Post,

Think not we are unkind ;

Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost

By *Dutchmen*, or by *Wind* :

Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,

The Tide shall bring 'em twice a Day.

With a Fa, &c.

IV.

The KING, with Wonder and Surprise,

Will swear the Seas grow bold ;

Because the Tides will higher rise,

Than e'er they us'd of old :

But let him know it is our Tears

Brings Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs.

With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy *OPDAM* chance to know

Our sad and dismal Story ;

The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,

And quit their Fort at *Goeree* :

For what Resistance can they find
From Men who've left their Hearts behind?

With a Fa, &c.

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be You to Us but kind;
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
No Sorrow we shall find:

'Tis then no Matter how Things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main;
Or else at serious *Ombre* play;
But, why should we in vain
Each others Ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.

With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our Hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our Woe,
Sit careless at a Play:
Perhaps permit some happier Man
To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry Note ;
As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,
For being so remote:
Think then how often Love we've made
To you, when all those Tunes were play'd,
With a Fa, &c.

X.

In Justice you cannot refuse,
To think of our Distress ;
When we for Hopes of Honour lose
Our certain Happiness ;
All those Designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your Love.
With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
And likewise all our Fears ;
In Hopes this Declaration moves
Some Pity for our Tears :
Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
We have too much of that at Sea.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Miscel-



Miscellaneous POEMS.

Dryden's *Satire to his MUSE.*

Written by the Lord Somers.

Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi.

Ovid.

Turpiter huc, illuc ingeniosus erat.

Hor.

Hear me, dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life;
Whose first Essay was in a Tyrant's Praise, *
Bawdy in Prologues, blasphemous in Plays:
So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
And I had starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit:
Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made
A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade.
My Father wisely bid me *be a Clerk*;
Thou whisper'd'st, Boy, *be thou a tearing Spark.*

}

* *His Panegyrick on Oliver Cromwell.*

I from that fatal Hour new Hopes pursu'd,
 Set up for Wit, and awkwardly was lewd;
 Drank 'gainst my Stomach, 'gainst my Conscience swore,
 Against my Will, I marry'd a rank Whore:
 After two Children, and a third Miscarriage,
 By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage.
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I had never known;
 As if that all GOMORRAH was my own.
 Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me gay,
 To writing bred, I knew not what to say.
 With scolding Wife and starving Chits beset;
 When I want Money, and no Friend will treat,
 Chear'd with one Cup of thy *Castalian* Spring,
 I can abuse the Church, my Friend, and King;
 Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the Nose,
 Then, like ALMANZOR, turn upon his Foes;
 Libel his Mistresses, and Stafemen too,
 Then o'er his whoring Life old DAVID throw,
 By whom URIAH was so basely slain;
 But our good *Monarch* spares his CASTLEMAIN,
 And OATES his Plots, and Treasons, swears in vain:
 Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
 And then deny it with a thousand Oaths.
 ADRIEL to please, call ROCHESTER a Fool,
 SEDLEY a Capuchin, and DORSET dull.
 I, like BOROSKY, by the false Count hir'd,
 On SCROOP my Blunderbuss of Satire fir'd;
 In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too;
 What more to HALL, or CRANBOURN could I do;
 Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to Woo?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt say, perhaps, What is all this to thee,
 If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be?
 But then thou should'st thy sacred Aid refuse,
 When I invoke it to so base a Use;
 Blunt, of my murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,
 And honestly refuse the odious Hint.
 But thou ne'er com'st so gladly to my Call,
 As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
 Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abus'd or virtuous Action blam'd?
 Thou, with Officious Haite, rank'st ev'ry Word,
 And giv'st thy raging Madman a sharp Sword:
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou, when I an hellish Task Command.
 To thee, ungrateful! what has MONMOUTH done,
 That, *Parson*-like, thou call'st him AESALON?
 And by that Name dost foolishly infer,
 He from old DAVID's Head the Crown would tear.
 Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place:
 Stood high in DAVID's as the People's Grace;
 And warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
 To the whole Nation's Hearts had join'd their Hands;
 Of publick Good dissembled his deep Care,
 With the false JEBUSITE a-while kept fair;
 Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
 Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
 Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
 Those darling Morsels of their longing Jaws.
 Wise STANLEY thus, till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,
 Did seeming Faith to cruel RICHARD pay;

But

But left the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,
And brought Success to HARRY's drooping Right.
MONMOUTH's brave Mind could no Disguise endure,
Still noble Ways preferring to secure,
While DAVID lavishes his People's Love,
He buys the Purchase with Design t'improve;
And like some prudent Kinsmen, re-convey
What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
Left the Great Ancient Family decay. }
Good honest DAVID, why would'st thou have made
Of such a Son and Parliament afraid?
Which whilst he sways, what Faction dares dispute,
Or who can say, He is not absolute!
Thro' them he may command the People's Purse,
And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse.
By Laws they would a Popish Heir exclude,
Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd:
Against *Navarre* the factious Princes leagu'd,
And the right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd:
When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
The State-Religion he was forc'd to own;
The harmless People took it in good Part,
The zealous Church yet stabb'd him to the Heart;
Taught all by Story, there was no Defence,
But they must change their Faith, or change their Prince.
Who would not here the like Extreams prevent,
And settle Things by Aid of Parliament?
Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,
Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm;

Inferior

Inferior Judges trembling to decree
What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee:
The Chancellor's and ill Statesman's only Dread,
For it is thou alone can reach their Head.
By thee fell WOLSEY, and false CLARENDON,
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone;
Both over-whelm'd for daring to remove,
Or stem the Torrent of their Master's Love:
The one fair BULLEN to his Prince deny'd;
The other made lov'd STUART, RICHMOND'S Pride,
And with the Royal Blood for ever, mingled HYDE.
To their own Ruin can all Men agree,
And none the Precipice but Courtiers see?
Courtiers, who importune the Sovereign,
To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain;
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.
Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose Rent
Consists in Breaches of the Government.
Some few there are with great Estates indeed,
Yet labour with imaginary Need:
Strange sort of Fools, who, for one Pension more,
Enslave themselves, and all they had before.
Others, with Titles and new Earldoms caught,
Would give up all for which the Barons fought:
'They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
Who bid thee in ACHITOPHEL'S vile Name,
Old DAVID'S Errors and his Faults proclaim?

Or say, *Plots True or False are needful Things,*
To set up Commonwealths, and pull down Kings?
 That DAVID, whom thou dost with Rev'ence name,
 Charm'd into Ease, grows careless of his Fame,
 And brib'd with petty Sums of foreign Gold,
 Is grown in BATHSHEBA's Embraces old?
 That, like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd Light?
 If DAVID once ill Language lay to Heart,
 Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part?
 The People's Voice, of Old the Voice of God,
 Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd.
 Crowds are the Fools———
 That flock to thine and D'URFEY's Loyal Plays,
 And give implicit Claps on your third Days:
 About the Stage of Mountebank they wait,
 And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But have, like thee, no Int'rest in the State.
 Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
 And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* Bow;
 But with old *England* what hast thou to do?
 Who from our Kings an useful Pow'r would take;
 Nor have they Pow'r; but for the People's Sake
 Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.
 Kings may do good at their full Stretch of Will,
 And need not for a Strain of Law stand still.
 They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,
 Confin'd, like God, only from doing ill.
 Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
 Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:

None.

68. *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,
 A private Mischief's for the publick Good.
 Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.
 Somewhere there must a Sov'reign Power be,
 In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
 Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;
 The sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,
 And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
 Making those Bastards who had else been Heirs,
 And injur'd Husbands legal Widowers;
 Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
 And of contending Kings decide the Cause.
 Thus from the Helm our learned RICHARD thrust,
 Confess'd their Pow'r, and own'd their Sentence just.
 And on the Throne our brave Fourth EDWARD fate,
 Whilst HARRY liv'd a Pris'ner of the State.
 ALPHONSO thus depos'd for his weak Life,
 PEDRO enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife.
 There *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night.
 In his Defence, each private Man may kill;
 Must then a Nation perish and stand still?
 If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight,
 When can a Christian Sword be in the Right?
 O! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting,
 To call ACHIT'PHEL's Son, unfeather'd two-legg'd thing!

So

So by old PLATO Man was once defin'd,
 'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
 Thy AMIEL with Bull JONAS self may vye
 For all but Courage, Wit, and Honesty.
 As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,
 As sharply blam'd, as stingily would give,
 'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,
 And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live:
 Whose whole Estate, when he in Trust, had got,
 Thy honest AMIEL grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
 Thy HUSHAI next, a true Friend e'er a Man,
 So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
 Was but Fourteen when DAVID was Abroad,
 Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod;
 Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
 And in full House the Baby cry'd,
 How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
 And add Experience to his native Truth!
 Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
 As ev'ry Fool, Whore, Bully, has done since;
 To other Merit he has no Pretence.
 BARZILLAI's Praise I could rehearse again,
 And make the second Labour of my Pen;
 Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
 Born t' all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,
 Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
 When he beheld the Sov'reign in Distress:
 To Arms he flew, but, with bold CATO's Fate,
 Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate:

Striving

Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
 He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.
 But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's Sagan*,
 At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon?
 Not *MAGDALEN*, possess'd in all her Prime
 With her ten Devils, could have equall'd him.
 Why would'st thou call thy *ADRIEL* a Muse,
 And *DAVID* of his hasty Rise accuse?
 When we all know the same obliging Hand
 Gave him his *George*, and *CHURCHILL* his Command,
Fermin his Countryhouse, and *Bromwich* his Poynt Band.
 Or *JOTHAM* flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,
 Famous for Jests upon the Church and King:
 One while *Pythagoras's* harmless Food,
 For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood;
 And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,
 Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that Dines.
 Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,
 And, like the *Swede*, is very rich in Brags:
 Against the Court and *DAVID's* self he roar'd,
 How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;
 Would swear a Parrot had more Wit than *Nelly*,
 With her parch'd Face, more wrinkled than P— Belly.
 Yet now to Both, like Popish Saints, he prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days:
 In his plain Band, and Honesty in Show,
 He only aim'd at *Danby's* Overthrow;
 Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
 And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends;

There

There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,
 With DANBY all our Dangers disappear.
 DANBY thus setting, to prevent dark Night,
 This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Counsellors with her glim'ring Ray,
 And all our Men of Bus'ness lose their Way :
 Our Parliament's dissolv'd, new Members meet,
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat :
 But the true *English* Interest appear'd,
 The *Silver Smiths* for their *Diana* fear'd ;
 Pop'ry would pass on us in no Disguise,
 No Flow'rs could hide that Serpent from our Eyes,
 We're in such haste dissolv'd, that in the Street
 New-chosen with dissolving-Members meet ;
 And then a Paper, in good DAVID's Name,
 Must the Proceedings of the House defame.
 Sheriff's and Juries pack'd, Justices made
 Knights of th' Address, and all false Colours laid,
 To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
 The People, Parliaments both fear, and hate.
 What SAMPSON in a Dungeon, Captive, Blind,
 In spiteful Rage for cruel Foes design'd,
 The House of Commons must be thought to do
 Against themselves, and those that trust 'em too.
 The Head shall sooner fear its own right Hand,
 Parents their smiling Infants Death Command,
 The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
 Than Lords or Commons hurt the Realm or King.

They

They may thy Heroes, that small faithful Band,
 Precious Counsellors, who dare singly stand
 'Gainst the collective Wisdom of the Land.
 DAVID in Exile had more Friends than thou
 Wilt to his best, his happier Days allow.
 Why sounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace?
 Art thou afraid our Diff'rences should cease,
 That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more
 Than any *Irish* Witness ever swore?
 Soldiers of Fortune thus to drive a Trade,
 Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me prophecy, and mark we well;
 E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant Smell,
 People and King shall join, like Man and Wife,
 And both abhor the Engines of their Strife:
 No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen,
 And thou, cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
 Please none but silly Women, or worse Men;
 DAVID shall find Duty an empty Word,
 (For diff'rent Faiths can never have one Sword;
 The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
 'Twixt those that heavenly Concerns divide.)
 He then shall with his Parliament agree,
 And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be.
 MONMOUTH be bless'd for all that he has done,
 While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.



The INCHANTMENT.

By Mr. OTWAY.

I.

I Did but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half Hour ;
Then to resist I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease ;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

O! would your Pity give my Heart,
One Corner of your Breast ;
'Twould learn of yours the winning Art,
And quickly steal the rest.



The ENJOYMENT.

By the Same.

I.

C^Laspt in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I strove:
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrapt in Fire,
By Love's mysterious Art,
Borne on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head;
When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now CÆLIA dies.

III.

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms;
When, with a shiv'ring Voice, she cry'd,
Must I alone, then, die?
No, no, I languishing reply'd,
I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift Joys our Wishes did out-run:
Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliss,
We bid the World adieu;
Swearing by ev'ry charming Kiss,
To be for ever true.





*The Miller's TALE from CHAUCER.
Inscribed to N. Rowe, Esq;*

By Mr. SAMUEL COBB,
Late of Trinity College in Cambridge.*

THE ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with
ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive
her Husband; but in the End is rewarded accordingly.

W Hilom in Oxford an old Chuff did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.
With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,
But notable for Sciences and Sense,
Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd:
A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,
Who by Interrogations could conclude,

If

* Mr. Cobb died in the Year 1713, and was interred
in the Cloyster of Christ-Church Hospital, London.

If Men should ask him, at what certain Hours
The doughty Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall
Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
For Modesty, and *NICHOLAS*, his Name.
Subtile he was, well-taught in *CUPID*'s Trade,
But seem'd as meek and bashful as a Maid.
A Chamber in his Hostelry he kept,
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was drest,
But he was ten times sweeter than the best,
His Books of various Size, or great or small,
His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accompts withal;
His *Astrolabe* and *Almagist* * apart,
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art,
On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.
Above, an Instrument of Musick lay,
On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,
So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he sung;
Then would he chaunt in good King *DAVID*'s Note,
Full often blessed was his merry Throat.
And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Musick spent
His Time, and Exhibitions yearly Rent.

E 3

This

* The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Pto-
lomy. † The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.

This *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
The buxom Lads had twice nine Summers seen,
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.
The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage:
For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime;
But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.
He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,
And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.
He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,
She had, or would be planting on his Head.
He knew not CATO, for his Wit was rude,
That Men should wed with their Similitude.
Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.
Hence Jealousies create a nuptial War,
And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar:
But when the Trap's once down, he must endure
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*,
Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more
Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.
Fair was his charming Comfort, and withal
Slender her Waste, and like a *Weasel's*, small.
She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,
And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
White as her Smock, embroider'd all before,
Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.
Broad was her filken Fillet, set full high,
And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.

Her

Her Brows were arched like a bended *Bow*,
 Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,
 She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.
 Were you to search the Universe around,
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,
 Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
 No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,
 Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.
 Sweet as *Metbeglin* was her *Honey Lip*,
 Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
 Long as a *Mast*, and upright as a *Bolt*.
 Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe;
 She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsnyc* too;
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now, *Sir*, what think you how the Case befell?
 This *NICHOLAS* (for I the Truth will tell)
 Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,
 When the good Man, the Husband, was away,
 Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,
 (For *Clerks* are fly, and very full of Game)
 And privily he caught her by *That same*.
 My * Lemman Dear, quoth he, I'm all on Fire,
 And perish, if you grant not my Desire.

* *Mistress*.

He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
O let me, let me——never be deny'd.

At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,
Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof
Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew
The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.

Fie NICHOLAS, away your Hand, quoth she,
Is this your Breeding and Civility?

Foh! Idle Sot! What means th' unmanner'd Clown,
To teaze me thus, and toss me up and down?

I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.

You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?

I will not kiss you—prithee, let me go.

Here NICHOLAS, a young, designing Knave,
Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.

So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,

This seeming modest Spouse consents at last;

By good St. THOMAS † swore, her usual Oath,

That she would meet his Love, tho' mighty loath.

“ If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,

“ (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)

“ I will requite you, for if once the Beast

“ Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,

“ I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth NICHOLAS, ne'er vex your Head;

He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,

And very foolishly besets his Wile,

Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.

And thus they were accorded, thus they swore

To wait the Time, as I have said before.

And

† St. Thomas a Becket.

And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away
The pleasant Time in harmless am'rous Play,
To his melodious Pfalltery he flew,
Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,
Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
It happen'd thus, I cannot rightly tell,
If it on *Easter*, or on *Whitson* fell;
That on a Holiday, this modest Dame
To Church with other honest Neighbours came,
In a good Fit, to hear the Parson preach
What the divine Apostles us'd to teach.
Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a Clerk belong,
Who many a Time had rais'd a holy Song.
His Name was *Absalon*, a silly Man,
Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan,
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as Goose,
With *St. Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose;
But light and Siver-colour'd were his Cloaths,
And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose.
Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,
And fetously they dangled on his Knees.
He could let Blood, and shave your Beard and Head,
But a meer Barber-Surgeon by his Trade.
Nay, he could write and read, and that is more
Than Twenty Parish-Clerks could do before.

Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
In thirty Motions how to trip and dance;
Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,
Would squeak a Treble to his fwaling Kit,
His Drefs was finical, his Mufic queer,
And pleas'd a Tapfter's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear,
No Tavern, Brew-houfe, Ale-houfe in the Town,
Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown:
But he was very careful of his Wind,
And never let it fally out behind.
To give the Devil his Due, he had an Art,
By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Absalon*, fo jolly, fpruce, and gay,
Went with the *Cenfor* on the Sabbath Day.
He fwung the Incenfe Pot with comely Grace,
But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.
His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he caft,
Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine Dame at laft.
So fweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
That he could freely gaze away his Life.
Were he a Cat, this pretty Moufe would feel
Too foon his Tallons, a delicious Meal.

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
No Off'ring of the handsome Wives he took,
He wanted nothing but a fmiling Look,
The Parifh Fees refus'd, and faid, the Light
Of the fair Moon fhines brighteft in the Night.

Soon

Soon as the Cock had bid the Morning rise,
The smitten Lover to his Fiddle flies;
A hideous Noise his squeaking Trilloes make,
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he sung, or said,
Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,
I pray you that you'll pity me.
And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,
Alike the Music of his Kit, and Tongue.
At this the staring Carpenter awoke,
And thus his Wife (fair *Alison*) bespoke:
Art thou asleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear?
And cannot *Abfalon* at Window hear?
How with his Serenade he charms us all,
Chaunting melodiously beneath our Wall?
Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,
Too well, God wot; and then she turn'd aside.
Thus went Affairs, 'till *Abfalon*, alas!
Was a lost Creature, a meer whining Afs.
All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dress the live long Day,
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.
Where'er she went, he like a Slave pursu'd,
With spiced Ale, and sweet Metheglin woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend he got,
And sent her Tarts and Custards piping hot.
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat,
Of Mead and Cyder, and all Sorts of Meat.

84 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,
And rival's PHILOMELA's mournful Note.
With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts:
Some Wealth have won, and some have had the Lot
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he Scaramouched it on high,
And Harlequin'd it with Activity;
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,
For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.
The Parish-Clerk has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
Thus gentle *Absalon* is made her Ape,
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape;
For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye;
True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh are fly*.
A distant Love may Disappointment find,
For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.
The Scholar was at Hand, as I have told,
And gave the Parish-Clerk *the Dog to hold*.
Now, *Nicholas*, thy Craft and Cunning try,
That *Absalon* may *de profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,
To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day;
The subtile Scholar, and the wanton Spouse,
Were decently contriving for his Brows:
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.

And

And if so be the Game succeeded right,
 She then would sleep within his Arms all Night:
 For both were in this one Desire concern'd,
 Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.
 Strait a new Thought leap'd cross the Scholar's Head,
 Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled:
 But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore
 Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,
 And victuall'd it for a long Day or more.
Alce, should your Husband ask for Us, quoth he,
 Reply, in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to Me?
 Am I his Keeper? Help your silly Head!
 Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.
 My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,
 And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the Door:
 But he, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,
 Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,
 Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room.
 Nor was he idle, for no *Lent* he kept,
 But eat like other Men, and drank, and slept;
 Did what he list, 'till the next Sun was new,
 And went to Rest as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,
 Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain;
 By Study lose his Reason, or his Life.
 Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don't like it, Wife.
 The World we live in is a ticklish Place,
 And sudden Death has often stopp'd our Race.

I saw a Corpse, as to the Church it past,
 And the poor Man at Work but *Monday* last.
 Run *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,
 Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.
 Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,
 And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries,
 Ho! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus
 To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten us?
 He might as well have whistled to the Wind,
 As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.
 At last he spy'd a Hole full low and deep,
 Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;
 Here was discover'd to his wond'ring Sight
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon;
 And down runs he to tell his Master soon,
 In what Array he saw this studious Man:
 The Carpenter to cross himself began;
 And cry'd St. *Frideswid*, help us one and all!
 Little we know what Fate shall us befall.
 This Man with his Astronomy is got
 Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot:
 This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
 Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks:
 Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry
 On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?
 Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,
 Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and Creed,
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read!

Thus

Thus far'd a sage Philosopher * of old,
Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,
Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,
That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd.
Ill Luck attends the Man who looks too high,
And can a Star, but not a Marlpit spy.
But, by St. *Thomas*, this shall never pass;
Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.
I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,
From his brown Fit of Study, in a Minute.

Robin, let's try if that an Iron Pur
And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir;
Now *Robin* was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once;
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
As would a Man like you or me astound.
But *Nicholas* did nothing do but stare,
And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,
Because he did not, or he would not, hear;
Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;
For which the Student in his Arms he took
With Might and Main, and by the Shoulders shook;
Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake! What, not a Word?
Look down, despair not——think upon the Lord!
Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself:
Bless thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf!

He

* *Thales*.

He crost the Threshold, where the Dev'l might creep,
 And each small Hole, through which an Imp might peep.
 With solemn *Pater-nosters* blest the Door,
 And *Ave-Mary's*, after and before.

At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,
 With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry —

And shall this World be lost so soon? Ah, why?

What do I hear? the Carpenter reply'd,

What say'st thou, *Nich'las*? Sure thou art beside

Thy self: Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,

And then no Harm, no Danger will ensue.

Ah! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think

What I can tell; but first let's have some Drink.

Then, my dear Host, thou shalt in private learn

Some certain Things, which thee and me concern.

It shall no Mortal but your self avail;

Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.

And now when both had drank an equal Share,

Cries *Nicholas*, sit down, and draw your Chair.

But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,

To no Man living to betray the Troth:

For, trust me, what I'm going to relate

Is Revelation, and as sure as Fate:

And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,

No Hare in *March* will be so mad as you.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,

And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.

I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,

To Chick, or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now,

Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide
 What by my Art I have of late descry'd;
 How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,
 Should fall on *Monday* next, at Quarter-Night,
 A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,
 That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't.
 This World, within the Compass of an Hour
 Shall all be drown'd; so hideous is the Show'r,
 As will the Cattle and Mankind devour.
 Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!
 My Bosom-Comfort, and my better Life!
 And must she drown and perish with the rest?
 My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast?
 At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh, And is there no Relief,
 No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?
 Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?
 No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,
 Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work:
 For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,
 And build no Castles in your own wild Head,
 None so secure; for *Solomon* says true,
Work all by Counsel, and you cannot rue.
 If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
 I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee;
 By my own Art against the Flood prevail,
 And make no Use of either Mast or Sail.
 Have you not heard how, when the World was naught,
Noah by heav'nly Inspiration taught;

Ay,

Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my *Bible* found,
 That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.
 Hast thou not heard how *Noah* was concern'd
 For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,
 'Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark,
 And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark?
 Now, Expedition is the Soul and Life
 Of Business; if you love your Self, or Wife,
 Run, fly——for in this Case it is a Crime
 To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.
 For *Alison*, your self, and me, provide
 Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the Tide:
 But take most special Care that they be large,
 In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.
 Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay
 Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;
 Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,
 For then the Flood will 'swage, and not before.
 But one Thing let me whisper in your Ear,
 Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear,
 Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate;
 I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.
 Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save
 Your trusty servant Maid, and honest Knave:
 Suffice it thee, unless thy Wits be mad,
 To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had.
 Do you make Haste, and mind the grand Affair;
 To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.
 But when these Kneading-Tubs are ready made,
 Which may secure us when the Floods invade;

See

See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
That none our providential Plot descry;
And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store
Of Meat, and Drink, as I have said before,
And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,
To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat:
Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies
Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,
Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,
Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide.

Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take
In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.
Then will I cry, Ho! *Alison*, and *John*,
Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon,
Then wilt thou answer, Master *Nicholay*,
Good-morrow, for I see it is broad Day.
Then shall we reign as Emperors for Life,
O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.
But one Thing I almost forgot to tell,
Which now comes in my Head (and mark me well)
That on that very Night we go Abroad,
All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word;
But all the Time employ our holy Mind
In earnest Pray'rs, for thus has Heav'n enjoyn'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,
Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.
To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,
We to our Kneading-Tubs will slyly creep;
There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,
And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.

Go now ; I have no longer Time to spare
 In Sermoning, use expeditious Care :
 Your Apprehension needs no more Advice ;
One single Word's sufficient for the Wise :
 And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform ;
 Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.
 Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,
 And sigh'd and groan'd at every Step he took.
 To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,
 And tells a Secret which she knew before :
 But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen* Leaf,
 And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief ;
 Crying, Alas ! what shall I do ? — Be gone —
 Helpt us t'escape, or we are all undone :
 I am thy true and very wedded Wife,
 Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

*What strong Impressions does Affection give !
 By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.
 Howe'er absurd Things in themselves appear,
 Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,
 And thinks of nothing else but *Noah's Flood* ;
 Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,
 And all for *Alison* his Honey's Sake.
 He's over-run with Sorrow, and with Fear,
 And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear,
 A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and * *Kemeling*,
 He gets by Stealth, and sends 'em to his Inn.

He

* *A Brewer's Vessel.*

He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
But first he victuall'd them, both Trough and Tub,
With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles full of mighty Bub;
Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,
And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e'er this Preparation had been made,
He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,
On certain Matters which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Monday* Night,
Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light;
And when all Things in Readiness were set,
These Three their Ladders take, and up they get.
Now *Pater-noster*, * *Clum*, said *Alison*,
And *Clum*, quoth *Nicholas*, and *Clum*, quoth *John*.
This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,
For Men in Fear are very apt to pray.
Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.

And now, at † *Curfew* Time, dead Sleep began
To fall upon this easy simple Man;
Who, after so much Care and Business past,
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.

Soft

* *A Note of Silence.*

† *Curfew*, William the Conqueror, in the first Year of his Reign, commanded, that in every Town and Village, a Bell should be rung every Night at Eight of the Clock; and that all People should then put out their Fire and Candle, and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was called *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

Soft down the Ladder stole this lovely Pair,
 Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair:
 Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep
 Of *John*, poor Cuckold! who was fast asleep.
 There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,
 And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;
 'Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
 And the fat Fryars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish Clerk, this am'rous *Absalon*,
 Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
 At *Osney* happen'd, with a jovial Crew,
 To spend the *Monday* as they us'd to do;
 There pulls a certain Fryar by the Sleeve,
 With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,
 When saw you *John* the Carpenter, he cries;
 Last *Saturday* the Cloisterer replies,
 Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes:
 Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,
 Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,
 And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two;
 Or else at Home——I know no more than you.

This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure start,
 The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.
 Now is my 'Time, thinks he, the Moon is bright,
 Nor care I, if I travel all the Night;
 For at his Door, since Day began to spring,
 I've seen, like him, no Kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd——to *Alison* I'll go,
 When the first Morning Cock begins to crow;

And

And to her Window privately repair;
Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care:
I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,
For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.
Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,
At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.
My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems
That I shall kiss; besides my pleasant Dreams
Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess
That I may haply meet with some Success:
But for an Hour or two before I go,
I'll first refresh me with a Nap or so.

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose
The jolly *Absalon*, and up he rose.
But first he dresses finical and gay,
And looks like any Beau at Church or Play.
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And, wash'd with Rosewater, looks fresh and fair:
Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

*Sweet Alifon, my Honey-comb my Dear,
My Bird, my Cinamon, your Lover hear.
Awake, and speak one Word before I part;
But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart.
Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe,
Which for the Love of thee I undergo.
For thee I swelter, and for thee I sweat,
And mourn as Lambkins for the Mother's Teat.
Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove
Lament more truly, or more truly love.*

I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee —
Get from my Window, you *Jack Fool*, said she;
I love another of a different Hue
From such a silly Dunder-head as you.
If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,
My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate.
Be gone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep;
At this poor *Absalon* began to weep,
And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,
Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before?
Since, then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,
Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss obtain.
And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,
Quoth *Alison*? *Ay certainly, my Dear!*
Make ready then — Now, *Nicholas*, lye still;
'Tis such a Jest that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,
'The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;
In silent Raptures he began to cry,
No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.
I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss
Is an Assurance of a farther Bliss.
The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,
Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no Noise;
I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then silken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
To wipe his Mouth full clean, to kiss the Dame.
Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,
When at the Window, she clap'd out her Breech.
The Parish-Clerk ne'er doubted what to do,
But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to.

On her blind Side full favourly he prest
A loving Kifs, e'er he smelt out the Jest.
Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,
That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were rough:
What have I done, quoth he? and rav'd and star'd,
Ab me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard.
He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,
That he was born to kiss my Lady's Arse.
* *Tehea* she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,
While *Absalon* with Grief and Anger goes
To meditate Revenge; and to requite
The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.
And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with Chips,
He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.
Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest Evil!*
Than meet with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,
I rather had went head-long to the Devil.
To kiss a Woman's Breech! Oh, it can't be born!
But my Soul I'll be reveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool,
And Absalon's no more an am'rous Fool:

For since his Purpose was so foully crost,
He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost:
And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy
All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye:
But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,
He wept, as does a School-Boy, when he's beat.

VOL. II.

F

In

* *A Note of Laughter.*

In a soft doleful Pace, at last, he came
 To an old *Vulcan*, JARVIS was his Name;
 Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,
 In hammering Iron Bars and Plough-shares toil'd.
 Hither repair'd, by one or two a-Clock,
 Poor *Absalon*, and gave an easy Knock.

Who's there, that knocks so late, Sir JARVIS cries?

'Tis I, the pensive *Absalon* replies,
 Open the Door. *What, Absalon* (quoth he)
The Parish-Clerk! Ah! Benedicite
Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,
Has led you out so late upon the Trot.

Some merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;
You know my Meaning——but I'll say no more.

This *Absalon* another Distaff drew,
 And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew:
 He minded not a Bean of all he said,
 For other Things employ'd his careful Head.
 At last he Silence breaks, *dear Friend*, he cries,
Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies:
I have occasion for't, no Questions ask,
To bring it back again shall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,
 Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold:
 With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,
 I'll lend it thee; but what wilt do therewith?
 For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor Care, nor Sorrow,
 I'll give a good Account of it To-morrow.
 Then up the Cutler in his Hand he caught,
 Tripp'd out with silent Pace and wicked Thought.

Red-

Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
 With which to *John* the Carpenter's he stole.
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual Wont,
 Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't,
 Who's there, quoth *Alison*? Some Midnight Rook,
 Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.
 Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,
 'Tis *Absalon*, my Life, my better Self!
 A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
 By a known Graver exquisitely wrought:
 Beside a Posie most divinely writ
 By a fam'd Poet and notorious Wit.
 My Mother gave it me ('tis wond'rous fine)
 She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
 If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss——
 Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to pifs:
 Thinking to better and improve the Jest,
 He should salute his Breech before the rest.
 With eager Haste and secret Joy he went,
 And his Posteriors out at Window sent.
 Here *ABSALON*, the Wag, with subtile Tone,
 Whispers, my Love! my Soul! my *ALISON*!
 Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art——
 At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke
 As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.
 The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust,
 The red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.
 Strait off the Skin, like shrivel'd Parchment flew,
 His Breech as raw as St. *BARTHOLOMEW*.

The Cutler had so sing'd his Hinder-part,
 He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart,
 In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one beside his Wits,
 Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
 The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep;
 He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
 Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
 And from the Clouds does *Noah's* Deluge pour.
 Up then he sits, and without more ado,
 He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.
 Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheese, and all,
 And *John* himself had a confounded Fall;
 Dropt from the Roof upon the Floor, astound,
 He lies as dead, and swims upon the Ground.

Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,
 With ALISON, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the Tide,
 To know the Reason why was Murder cry'd.
 There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man;
 Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan:
 Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm;
 But stand it out he must, to his own Harm.
 For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,
 They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.
 They told the People that the Man was Wood,
 And dream'd of nothing else but *Noah's* Flood.
 His heated Fancy of this Deluge rung,
 That to the Roof three Kneading-Troughs he hung,

With

With which in Danger he design'd to swim,
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim;
He begg'd and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

}
}

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave
An universal Shout and hideous Laugh.

Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.

He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.

Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind;
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel are vain,
And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain,
Is fruitless all, when a good natur'd Spouse
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
Thus ALISON, her Cuckold, does defy,
And ABSALON has kiss'd her nether Eye;
While NICHOLAS is scalded in the Breech,
My Tale is done; God save us all, and each.





BAUCIS and PHILEMON,
Imitated from the 8th Book of Ovid.

By JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

IN antient Times, as Story tells,
 The Saints would often leave their Cells,
 And strole about, but hide their Quality,
 To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
 As Authors of the Legend write;
 Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
 Taking their Tour in Masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits went
 To a small Village down in *Kent*;
 Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
 They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
 But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
 Treated at this ungodly Rate,
 Having through all the Village past,
 To a small Cottage came at last,

Where

Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, PHILEMON,
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hut to pass that Night;
And then the hospitable Sire
Bid Goody BAUCIS mend the Fire;
While he from out the Chimney took
A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook,
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:
Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry——What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits said:
No Hurt shall come to You or Yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd;

104 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when, fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.

The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist ;
But with the Upside down, to show
It's Inclination for Below.

In vain, for a superior Force,
Apply'd at Bottom, stops in Course,
Doom'd ever in Suspense to dwell ;
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell,
A wooden Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine Wheels ;
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion slow'r :
The Flyer, though't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side ;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone ;

But

But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd:
And still its Love to Household Cares,
By a shrill Voice, at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-maid not to burn
That Roast-meet which it cannot turn.

The groaning Chair began to crawl,
Like a huge Snail, along the Wall;
There stuck aloft, in publick View,
And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now seem'd to look Abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And, high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which still their antient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,

The Hermits then desir'd their Host,
To ask for what he fancy'd most.

PHILEMON, having paus'd a-while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile:
Then said; my House is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the Parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve:
His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
And both assum'd a Sable Hue;
But being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
His Talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text;
At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart:
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last;
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for *Right Divine*;
Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
But Classic Authors—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
Dame BAUCIS next they play'd their Farce on:

Instead

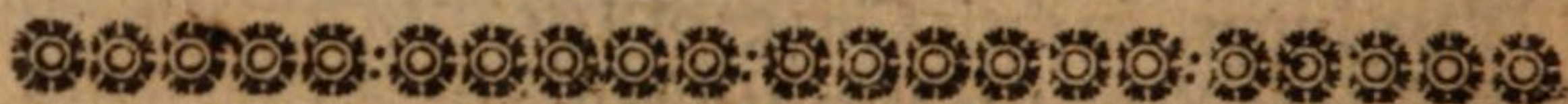
Instead of home-spun Coifs, were seen
 Good Pinners edg'd with *Colberteen*;
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black Sattin, flounc'd with Lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogam Gown.

PHILEMON was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy, in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years this Man and Wife;
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing on old Stories past,
 They went, by chance, amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-yard, to take a Walk;
 When BAUCIS hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout.
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous;
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
 And truly yours is budding too——
 Nay, now I cannot stir my Foot;
 It feels as-if 'twere taking Root——

Description would but tire my Muse;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Ews*,
 Old Goodman DOBSON of the *Green*,
 Remembers he the Trees has seen:
 He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
 And goes with Folks to see the Sight.

On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
 He gathers all the Parish there;
 Points out the Place of either *Ew*,
 Here BAUCIS, there PHILEMON grew:
 'Till once a Parson of our Town,
 To mend his Barn, cut BAUCIS down:
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-Top, was stunted;
 So the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.



On the Death of Queen MARY.

By the Duke of Devonshire, 1594.

POEMA est PICTURA loquens.

I.

LONG our divided State
 Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
 When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dispell'd,
 And all the Grievs of *Albion* heal'd:
 Her the united Land obey'd
 No more to Jealousy inclin'd,
 Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.
 She knew her Task, and nicely understood
 To what Intention Kings are made;
 Not for their own, but for the People's Good,

'Twas

'Twas that prevailing Argument alone
 Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne;
 And yet with Sadness she beheld
 A Crown divolving on her Head,
 By the Excesses of a Prince misled,
 When by her Royal Birth compell'd,
 To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
 Tho' by a servile Faction blam'd,
 How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd;
 Her ruling Arts in their true Lustre shin'd,
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd;
 'Twas her Authority and Care supply'd
 The Safety, which our Want of Troops deny'd.
 Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and, like her Eyes, serene.
 Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge, and Pride,
 MARIA reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.

The Scepter by her self unfought,
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroick Mind;
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd.
 So the *Dictator*, from Retirement brought,
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
 Accurs'd Disease! how long

Have

110 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
Robb'd of the Hope and Comfort of their Age!

From the unhappy Lover's Side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!
Now, like a Tyrant, rising by Degrees
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies,
Practis'd in Ruin for some Ages past,
Thou hast brought forth a general one at last.

Common Disasters Sorrow raise;
But Heav'n's severer Frowns amaze
The Queen! a Word, a Sound,
Of Nations once the Hope and firm Support,
Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
The Joy of all, the Wisest and the Best:

A Name which Eccho did rebound
With loud Applause from neighb'ring Shores,
Their Admiration, the Delight of ours,
Becomes unutterable now.

The Crouds in that dejected Court,
Where languishing MARIA lay,
Want Pow'r to ask the News they want to know:
Silent their drooping Heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims th' approaching Woe:

Ev'n MARIA's latest Care,
Whom Winter's Seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Purpose move,
(Deaths sedate,
Intrepid in the Storms of War, and in the Midst of flying
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty Weight.

The Hero to the Man gives Way,

Unhappy

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
 To fierce Dissention, or despotick Sway;
 Redeem'd from Anarchy, to be undone
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne.
 Thy Monarch's meditating dark Designs,
 Or boldly throwing off the Mask,
 Fond of the Power, unequal to the Task;
 Thy self without remaining Signs,
 Of antient Virtue so deprav'd,
 As ev'n to wish to be enslav'd;

(so low,

What more than human Aid could raise Thee from a State
 Protect Thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe?
 Something Celestial sure, a Heroine
 Of matchless Form, and a Majestic Mien;
 Awful, respected, fear'd, but more belov'd;
 More than her Laws her great Example mov'd.
 The Bounds that in her Godlike Mind
 Were to her Passions set, severely shin'd,
 But that of doing Good was unconfin'd:
 So just, that absolute Command,
 Destructive in another Hand,
 In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made;
 Oh had she longer staid,
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd!
 For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung,
 The tuneful Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more lofty and immortal Song.

The



*The Duke of Devonshire's Allusion to the
Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus.*

Written in the Year 1707.

CAMBRAY, you set, when heav'nly Love you write,
The noblest Image in the clearest Light!
A Love, by no Self-Interest debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!
A Love, in which true Piety consists,
That soars to Heav'n without the Help of Priests!
Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
Support the Cheat from whence her Income flows.
Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,
If best your elevated Notions suit
With what to Reason seems th' Almighty's Due.
They have, at least, an Air of being true.
And what can animated Clay produce,
Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse?
But when, descending from th' Imperial Height,
You stoop of Sublunary Things to write,
MINERVA seems the Moral to dispense:
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense!

Nor

Not the *Aonian* Bard with such a Flame
 E'er sung of *Ruling Arts*; your lofty Theme
 In your *TELEMACHUS*, his Hero's Son,
 We see the great Original outdone.
 There is in Virtue sure a hidde Charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm:
 Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd
 T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
 Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so;
 In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
 The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the Plain,
 Without the Sun's too near Approach, serene:
 But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
 The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.
 What tho' elab'rate Brass with Nature strive,
 And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive;
 With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
 With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought?
 And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
 There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
 Such Prodigies of Art, or costly Pains,
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabble's Chains.
 O despicable State of all that groan
 Under a blind Dependency on One!
 How far inferior to the Herds that range,
 With native Freedom, o'er the Woods and Plains!
 With them no Fallacies of Schools prevail,
 Nor of a Right Divine, the nauseous Tale,
 Can give to one among themselves the Pow'r,
 Without Controul, his Fellows to devour.

To

To reasoning human Kind alone, belong
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reas'ning wrong.
 Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
 Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man:
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;
 For who would be a Slave that can resist?
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,
 Who make the People's Interest their own;
 And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
 Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.
 O Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost;
 Like Health, when wanted, thou art valu'd most!
 In Regions where no Property is known,
 Thro' which the *Garone* runs, and rapid *Rhone*,
 Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own;
 How gladly would they quit their native Soil,
 And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil!
 As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
 In Sight of *Italy's* delightful Shore,
 Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more:
 Thy Laws have still their Force. Above the rest
 Of *Gothic* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*, blest!
 Long since their antient Freedom they have lost,
 And servilely of their Subjection boast.
 Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists
 Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests;
 Unshaken yet, the Government subsists.
 While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
 Redd'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*;
 Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle! her Thunder sends,
 To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.

Say

Say Muse, since no Surprise, or foreign Stroke,
 Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak,
 Since wholesome Laws her Liberty transfer
 To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?
 Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away?
 Have *Universities* so great a Sway?
 The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
 On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
 Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhyme,
 My creeping Number she forbids to climb:
 Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
 And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.
 An Antique Pile, near *Thames's* silver Stream,
 Was the first Object of my airy Dream;
 In antient Times a consecrated Fane,
 But since apply'd to Uses more prophane;
 Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
 Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong;
 Of Good and Bad the variable Test,
 Where the Religion that was voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest,
 On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
 Of hideous Form, second to none in Hell.
 The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
 Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd,
 Her particoulour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious Murthers, Freeman rack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish Rage
 Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age;

With

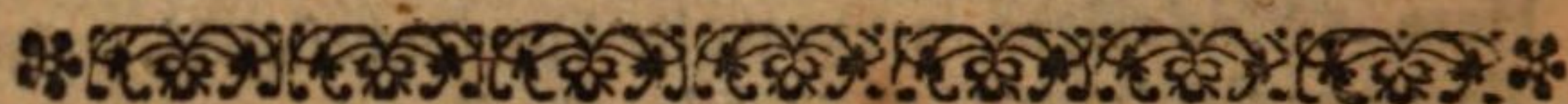
With all the horrid Instruments of Death,
 Of tort'ring Innocents t'improve their Faith,
 Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
 Thus she began: " Are then my Labours vain,
 " That to the Pow'rs of *France* have added *Spain*?
 " Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great;
 " And shall a Woman my Designs defeat,
 " Baffle th' infernal Projects I've begun,
 " And break the Measures of my fav'rite Son?
 " Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
 " That made their Humours of their Laws take Place;
 " And, slighting Coronation-Oaths, disdain'd
 " Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.
 " Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
 " Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
 " Under this Roof, with Management, I may
 " The Progress of her Arms at least delay;
 " From a contagious Vapour I will blow,
 " Within these Walls Breaches shall wider grow:
 " Here let imaginary Fears prevail,
 " And give a Colour to affected Zeal.
 " From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,
 " Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
 " If once my treach'rous Arts, and watchful Care,
 " Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
 " Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
 " And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,
 Which would all Order, and all Peace confound,

I cry'd, infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
 Thee, with her Arms, let *ANNA* overcome.
 Here *ANNA* reigns, a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd,
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
 As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
ANNA th' invaded sinking Empire frees.
 Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,
 Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World her Fame.
 At *ANNA*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
 The execrable Phantom disappear'd.



THE



THE
Female REIGN;
AN
ODE,

Alluding to the 14th ODE of the
IVth BOOK of HORACE.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

Attempted in the Style of PINDAR.

With a LETTER to a Gentleman in the
UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.



S I R,

THIS comes to congratulate you on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have blest'd the Arms of her Majesty and her Allies. I leave you to the printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of *Europe*. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a *Female Reign*, with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The *Ode*, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus:

Qualem Ministrum Fulminis Alitem, &c.

And was written in Compliment to *Augustus*, on Occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by *Tiberius*, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of *Claudius Nero*. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he does in almost all his *Odes*, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor (who was not in the Action) with, *Te Concilium, & tuos præbente Divos*. If you ask wherein

I

I have trod in the Steps of *Horace*, you will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in View, and used him only where he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same Liberty with *Alcæus*, as appears from some Fragments of that *Greek* Lyrick, quoted by *Athenæus*. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken Care to play always in Sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of *Pindar*; to read whom, according to *Rapin*, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears; but I have endeavour'd to have made myself not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he fate down: And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any Sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that *acer Spiritus & Vis*, recommended by *Horace*, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines no *Pindarick* Ode, or irregular Stanzas, gives me no Disturbance; for however the seeming Wildness of this Sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, &c. will never bear in *English*; and it would shew a strange Depravity in our Taste, if it should, as may be witnessed by

by the fervile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. But to make an End of this tedious Epistle: You will see through the Whole, that her *MAJESTY* is the Chief Heroine of the *Ode*; and the Moral at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign, which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. C O B B.





The FEMALE REIGN; *an* ODE.

I.

WHAT can the *British* Senate give,
 To make the Name of ANNA live?
 By future People to be sung,
 The Labour of each grateful Tongue.
 Can faithful Registers, or Rhyme,
 In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,
 The Wonders of her Reign transmit
 To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time?
 Can *Painter's* Oil, or *Statuary's* Art,
 Eternity to her impart?
 No! titled Statues are but empty Things,
 Inscrib'd to Royal Vanity,
 The Sacrifice of Flattery
 To lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian* Kings.
 True Vertue to her kindred Stars aspires,
 Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,
 And mingling with *Ethereal* Fires,
 No useless Ornament requires,
 From Speaking Colours, or from Breathing Brass.

II.

Greatest of Princes! where the wand'ring Sun
 Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions roll,
 From th' *Eastern* Barriers to the *Western* Goal,

And

And sees thy Race of Glory run
 With Swiftnefs equal to his own.
 Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scaldis* fings
 The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallic* Fear:
 The *Engliſh* Voice unus'd to hear,
 Thee the repeating Banks, Thee ev'ry Valley rings.
 The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
 Of thoſe who drink the *Maefe* or *Thames*,
 From the *Britannick* Valour flies,
 No longer able to withſtand
 The Thunderbolt launch'd by a Female Hand,
 Or Light'ning darted from her Eyes.

III.

What treble Ruin pious ANNA brings
 On falſe *Electors*, perjur'd *Kings*,
 Let the twice fugitive *Bavarian* tell;
 Who, from his airy Hope of better State,
 By Luſt of Sway, irregularly Great,
 Like an Apoſtate Angel fell:
 Who by Imperial Favour rais'd,
 I'th' higheſt Rank of Glory blaz'd;
 And had 'till now unrival'd ſhone
 More than a King, contented with his own.
 But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
 Who durſt aſſault the Throne of GOD;
 And for contented Realms of bliſſful Light,
 Gain'd the ſad Privilege to be
 The Firſt in ſolid Miſery,
 Monarch of Hell, and Woes, and endless Night.

Corruption of the Best is Worst,
 And foul Ambition, like an evil Wind,
 Blights the fair Blossoms of a noble Mind;
 And if a Seraph fall, He's doubly curst.

IV.

Had Guile, and Pride, and Envy grown
 In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
 Nor ever had on Earth the baleful Crop been sown;
 The Swain, without Amaze, had till'd
 The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field:
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
 The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
 No Crimson Streams had lately swell'd
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
 But *Evils* are of necessary Growth,
 To rouse the Brave, and banish Sloth.
 And some are born to win the Stars,
 By Sweat, and Blood, and worthy Scars.
 Heroic Virtue is by Action seen,
 And Vices serve to make it keen;
 And as Gigantick Tyrants rise,
NASSAU's and *ANNA*'s leave the Skies,
 The Earth-born Monsters to chastise;
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
 For an *ALCIDES*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, Heav'nly Muse, you burn with a Desire
 To praise the Man whom all admire;
 Come from thy learn'd *Castalian* Springs,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegasean* Wings:

Strike.

Strike the loud *Pindaric* Strings,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings;
 And as you sail the liquid Skies,
 Cast on * *Menapian* Fields your weeping Eyes:
 For weep they surely must,
 To see the bloody annual Sacrifice;
 To think how the neglected Dust,
 Which, with Contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, brave and just,
 The Mortal Part of some great DEMI-GOD;
 Who for thrice fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaughter'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the mighty Sepulchre,
 And fell as Martyrs on Record,
 Of Tyranny reveng'd, and Liberty restor'd.

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain,
 Th' Heroic Man, inspir'dly brave,
 Mowing across, bestrews the Plain,
 And with new Tenants crowds the wealthy Grave.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as chearfully serene,
 The routed Battle to pursue,
 At once adorn'd the *Paphian* Queen,
 When to her *Thracian* Paramour she flew.
 The gath'ring Troops he kens from far,
 And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight,
 Courting the War, and glowing for the Fight,

G 3

The

* *Menapii*, were the ancient Inhabitants of Flanders.

The new *Salmoneus* meets the *Celtic* Thunderer.

Ah, curfed Pride ! Infernal Dream !

Which drove him to this wild Extream,

That Duft a Deity ſhould ſeem ;

Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,

Th' immortal Man, or mortal God :

With rattling Brafs, and trampling Horſe,

Should counterfeit th' inimitable Force

Of Divine Thunder : Horrid Crime !

But Vengeance is the Child of Time,

And will too ſurely be repay'd

On his prophane devoted Head,

Who durſt affront the Pow'rs above,

And their eternal Flames diſgrace,

Too fatal, brandiſh'd by the Rightful Jove,

Or PALLAS, who ſupplies his Place.

VII.

The *Britiſh Pallas* ! who, as * HOMER's did

For her lov'd DIOMEDE,

Her Hero's Mind with Wiſdom fills,

And Heav'nly Courage in his Heart inſtills.

Hence thro' the thickeſt Squadrons does he ride,

With ANNA's Angels by his Side.

With what uncommon Speed

He ſpurs his foaming, fiery Steed !

And

* HOMER, in his Fifth ILIAD, becauſe his Hero is to do Wonders beyond the Power of MAN, premifes, in the Beginning, that PALLAS had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

And pushes on thro' midmost Fires,
 Where *France's* Fortune with her Sons retires.
 Now here, now there, the sweepy Ruin flies;
 † As when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The *Southern* Wind afflicts the Skies.
 Then, mutt'ring o'er the Deep, buffets th' unruly Brine,
 'Till Clouds and Water seem to join.
 Or as a *Dyke* cut by malicious Hands,
 O'erflows the fertile *Netherlands*;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th' impetuous Sea,
 Lavish of his new *Liberty*,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise,
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the rip'ning Grain,
 Far as th' *Horizon* he destroys,

(Reign.

The weeping Shepherd from an Hill bewails the wat'ry

VIII.

So rapid flows th' unprison'd Stream!
 So strong the Force of *Mindelheim*!
 In vain the Woods of *Audenard*
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless Guard.

G 4

As

† *Indomitas prope qualis undas
 Exercet Auster, Pleiadum Choro
 Scindente Nubes, impiger Hostium
 Vexare Turmas, & frementem
 Mittere Equum medios per Ignem.
 Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 Qui Regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,
 Cum sævit, horrendam quo cultis
 Diluviem meditatur Agris.*

As soon may Whirl-winds be with-held,
As his Passage o'er the *Scheld*.

In vain the Torrent would oppose,
In vain arm'd Banks, and num'rous Foes,
Who with inglorious Haste retire,
Fly faster than the River flows,
And swifter than our Fire.

Vendosme from far upbraids their nimble Shame,
And pleads his Royal Master's Fame.
By CONDE's mighty Ghost, he cries,
By TURENNE, LUXEMBURGH, and all
Those noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice
At * *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,
Stop, I conjure you, your ignominious Flight:
But Fear is deaf to Honour's Call.
Each frowning Threat and soothing Pray'r
Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well he may
The Billows of the Ocean stay,
While CHURCHILL, like a driving Wind,
Or high Spring-Tide, pursues behind,
And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important Care,
Thou second Thunder-bolt of War!
Partner in Danger and in Fame;
With MARLBOROUGH's, the Winds shall bear
To distant Colonies, thy conqu'ring Name. Nor

* Near this Place the Prince of Conde gave the Spaniards a very great Overthrow, 1648.

Nor shall my Muse forget to sing
 From Harmony what Blessings spring:
 To tell how Death did enviously repine,
 To see a Friendship so divine;
 When in a Ball's destroying Shape she past,
 And mark'd thy threaten'd Brow at last:
 But durst not touch that sacred Brain,
 Where the Concerns of *Europe* reign;
 For strait she bow'd her ghastly Head;
 She saw the Mark of Heav'n, and fled,
 As cruel BRENNUS once insulting *Gaul*,
 When he, at *Allia's* fatal Flood,
 Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman* Blood,
 With conscious Awe forsook the Capitol,
 Where Jove, Revenger of Profaneness, stood.

X.

But where the Good and Brave command,
 What Capitol, what Castle can withstand?
 Virtue, as well as Gold, can pass
 Thro' Walls of Stone, and Tow'rs of Brass.
 LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,
 And always yielded to the Bold and Young;
 The fairest Progeny of *Vauban's* Art,
 'Till SAVOY's warlike Prince withstood
 Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood
 Tore the bright Darling from th'old Tyrant's Heart.

130 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

Such * *Buda* saw him, when proud † *Apri* fell,
 Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!
 Who, vanquish'd by superior Strength,
 Surrender'd up his haughty Breath,
 Upon the Breach measuring his manly Length,
 And shunn'd the *Bow-string* by a nobler Death.

XI.

Such * *Harscham's* Field beheld him in his Bloom,
 When Victory bespoke him for her own,
 Her Favourite, Immortal Son,
 And told of better Years revolving on the Loom:
 How he should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
 And choak † *Tibiscus* with the Slain;

While

* *He bore a considerable Share in the Glory of that Day on which Buda was taken.*

† *He was Bassau of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.*

VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIS.

* *This was the fatal Battle to the Turks in the Year 1687. Prince EUGENE, with the Regiments of his Brigade, was the first that enter'd the Trenches; and for that Reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.*

† *This Battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697. where Prince EUGENE commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the Ottoman Army, which fell upon the principal Commanders more than the common Soldiers; for no less than fifteen Bassaus (five of which had been Viziers of the Bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.*

While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
 Of slaughter'd *Bassaus*, who o'er *Bassaus* roll'd,
 And all his num'rous Acts she told,
 From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*.
 Where ev'ry Day new Conquests should produce,
 Labour for Envy and a *Muse*:
 Where, with her rattling Trumpet's Sound,
 Fame should shake the Hills around;
 Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,
 Argu'd each Inch of that important Ground.

So much in Vertue's Scale
 True Valour Numbers can out-do,
 And Thousands are but Cyphers to a Few.

XII.

Honour, with open Arms, receives at last
 The Heroes who thro' Vertue's Temple past;
 And show'rs down Laurels from Above,
 On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* love.
 And some, not sparingly, she throws
 For the young Eagles, who could try
 The Faith and Judgment of the Sky,
 And dare the Sun with steady Eye,
 For *Hanover's* and *Prussia* Brows,
Eugenes in Bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.
 To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* second Grace,
 Descendant from a long Imperial Race,
 The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
 And prophecies, from so serene a Morn,
 To what clear Glories he is born,
 When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light,

He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn:

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,

And he (since Death will never spare

The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)

In his ripe Harvest of Renown,

Shall after his Great Father sit,

(If Heav'n so long a Life permit)

And having swell'd the flowing Tide

Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,

The Purchase of an honest Sweat,

Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's* Vessel guide.

XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which in *ANNA's* Reign,

And prudent *Pilotry*, enjoys

The Tempest which the World destroys,

And rides triumphant o'er the subject Main,

O may she soon a quiet Harbour gain!

And sure the promis'd Hour is come,

When in soft Notes the peaceful Lyre

Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,

Shall play what Gods and Men desire,

And strike *Bellona's* Musick Dumb.

When War, by Parents curs'd, shall quit the Field,

Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest

His weary'd Limbs, sit on his idle Shield,

With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.

But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart

Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,

Prepar'd for th' irrecoverable Ill,

And force th' unwilling Skies to act the last ungrateful Part:

Thy

Thy Forces, ANNA, like a Flood, shall whelm
(If Heav'n does scepter'd Innocence maintain).

His famish'd desolated Realm ;
And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain
(Who with dishonest Envy see
The sweet forbidden Fruits of distant Liberty)
Shall curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female Reign*.

XIV.

A *Female Reign* like thine,
O ANNA, *British* Heroine !
To thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid,
Where'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threaten'd *Rhine*.
Thee, where the Golden-sanded *Tagus* flows
Beneath fair * *Ulyssippo's* Walls,
The frighted *Lusitanian* calls :
Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore,
To give the lab'ring World repose,
And universal Peace restore.
Thee, *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
By sad Experience taught to own,
That Virtue is a safer Way to rise,
A shorter Passage to the Skies,
Than *Pelion*, upon *Offa* thrown :
For they, who by deny'd Attempts presume
To reach the Starry Thrones, become

Sure

* The old Name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.

Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In * *Ætna*, or in † *Arima* to roll,
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but an higher Fall, a Mountain for their Tomb.

* † *Two Mountains where Jupiter lodged the Giants.*



An ESSAY on POETRY.

By the Duke of Buckinghamshire.

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,
 Nature's chief Master-piece is Writing well;
 And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are
 That can the least with *Poetry* compare:
 No Kind of Work requires so nice a Touch;
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.
 'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes,
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
 True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;

Which

Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Numbers, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
Which never does the Ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts ;
For all in vain these superficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul :
A Spirit, which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about :
A Heat, which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ ;
'Tis something of Divine, and more than Wit ;
It self unseen, yet all Things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain ?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,
O where dost thou retire? And why dost thou return
Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away
From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the Day?
E'en now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
As all is Dullness, when the Fancy's bad ;
So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad ;
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words or Sense,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men :
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen.
Reason is that substantial useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

Here

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,
 And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse :
 But who that Task can after *Horace* do ?
 The best of Masters and Examples too !
 Ecchoes at best ; all we can say is vain,
 Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.
 'Tis true, the Antients we may rob with Ease ;
 But who with that sad Shift himself can please ?
 Without an Actor's Pride, a Player's Art
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd Part.
 Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,
 And new Absurdities inspire new Thoughts.
 What Teed has *Satyr*, then, to live on Theft,
 When so much fresh Occasion still is left ?
 Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
 And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
 But hold, the Fools shall have no Cause to fear ;
 'Tis Wit and Sense that is the Subject here.
 Defects of witty Men deserve a Cure,
 And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

First then of SONGS, which now so much abound,
 Without his Song no Fop is to be found ;
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part
 Of *Poetry* requires a nicer Art ;
 For as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which Defects is plainly shown
 In some small Ring, and brings the Value down :

}
}

So Songs should be to just Perfection wrought;
Yet where can we see one without a Fault?
Exact Propriety of Words and Thought,
Expression easy, and the Fancy high,
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No Words transpos'd, but in such Order all,
As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by Chance to fall.
Here, as in all Things else, is most unfit
Bare Ribaldry, that poor Pretence to Wit:
Such nauseous Songs by a late Author made,
Call an unwilling Censure on his Shade.
Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,
Can shock the Chastest, or the Nicest cloy;
But Words obscene, too gross to move Desire,
Like Heaps of Fuel, do but choak the Fire.
On other Themes he well deserves our Praise;
Here palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, ELEGY, of sweet but solemn Voice,
And of a Subject grave, exacts the Choice;
The Praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains;
And there too oft despairing Love complains.
In vain, alas! for who, by Wit, is mov'd?
The Phoenix She deserves to be lov'd.
But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic Sex.
This to the Praise of those who better knew,
The Many raise the Value of the Few.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside.

Their

Their greatest Fault, who in this Kind have writ,
 Is not defect in Words, nor Want of Wit:
 But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
 And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
 If yet a just Coherence be not made,
 Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
 So right, that ev'ry Step may higher rise,
 Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the Skies:
 Trifles, like such, perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last.
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will;
 But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill;
 No * *Panegyric*, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
 Are ODES, the Muses most unruly Horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possest.
 The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd
 With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd.
 COWLEY might boast to have perform'd this Part,
 Had he with Nature join'd the Rules of Art;
 But ill Expressions sometimes gives Allay
 To that rich Fancy which can ne'er decay.
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
 The Language still must soft and easy run.
 These Laws may seem a little too severe;
 But Judgment yields, and Fancy governs there;

Which

* *Waller*.† *Denham*.

Which, tho' extravagant, ~~this~~ Muse allows,
And makes the Work much easier than it shows.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find,
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
SATIRE well writ has most successful prov'd,
And Cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
Without repeating Things said oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That stain a Beauty which so much we love.
Of well-chose Words some take not Care enough,
And think they should be, as the Subject, rough.
This Poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd,
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Bus'ness was to rail:
But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a *Scold*.
Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown:
So, while you seem to slight some Rival Youth,
Malice itself may sometimes pass for Truth.
The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,
Crown'd by † *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's § Rhymes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes. But

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satyrical Poem of his on Mr. Shadwell.

§ A Copy of Verses, called, An Essay on Satire, for which Mr. Dryden was both Applauded and Beaten, tho' not only Innocent, but Ignorant of the whole Matter.

But once his *Pegasus* has been dead Weight, *
 Rid by some lumpish Ministers of State.
 Here rest, my Muse, suspend my Cares a while,
 A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil.
 As some young Eagle that designs to fly
 A long unwonted Journey thro' the Sky,
 Considers all the dangerous Way before,
 Over what Lands and Seas she is to soar;
 Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears
 That lofty Road of airy Travellers:
 But yet incited by some fair Design,
 That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
 Prunes ev'ry Feather, views herself with Care,
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air.
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty Thing)
 The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing:
 And why should Truth offend, when only told.
 To guide the Ignorant, and warm the Bold?
 On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
 To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
 Which, if observ'd, give PLAYS so great a Grace,
 Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From nicer Faults to purge the present Age,
 Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First

* *The Hind and Panther.*

First then, *Soliloquies* had need be few,
Extreamly short, and spoke in Passion too;
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the Pit their Confident:
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.
Th'Occasion should as naturally fall,
As when * *BELLARIO* confesses all.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
Art's needless Varnish, to make Nature shine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Description only claim a Place:
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity
A dying Hero miserably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock
Is held up, like a Rest at Shittle-cock!
Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime;
They Sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime,
What Things are these, who would be Poets thought,
By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better Course than this, by which they starve.
But to write Plays! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence:
Nay more, for they must look within to find
Those secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.

Without

* *In Philaster, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul.
 All this together yet is but a Part,
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Græcians* knew,
 From whom the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended, since but by a few.
 PLATO and LUCIAN are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains:
 Yet to ourselves we Justice must allow,
 SHAKESPEAR and FLETCHER are the Wonders now.
 Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
 For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
 The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep.
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.
 First on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts;
 Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways:
 This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.
 Reject that vulgar Error, which appears
 So fair, of making perfect Characters:
 There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.
 Some Faults must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve Compassion too.
 Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,
 Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart.

Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place,
As Painters first chaulk out the future Face:
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining Thoughts to place,
As what a Man would say in such a Case.
Neither in Comedy will this suffice,
The Player too, must be before your Eyes;
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose no single Fop; but lay the Load
More equally, and spread the Folly broad.
The other Way is vulgar; oft we see
The Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low Way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Ill Poets so, will one poor Fop devour;
But to collect, like Bees, from ev'ry Flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
Which serves the World for Pleasure and for Use,
In spite of Faction, this would Favour get;
But * FALSTAFF seems inimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall,
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools speak Sense, as if posselt,
And each, by Inspiration, breaks his Jest.

If

* *An admirable Character in Shakespear's HENRY the IVth.*

If once the Justness of each Part be lost,
 Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.
 That silly Thing Men call Sheer-Wit, avoid,
 With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.
 Humour is all, Wit should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some proper Thought.
 But since the Poets we of late have known,
 Shine in no Dress so much as in their own;
 The better by Example to convince,
 Cast but a View on this wrong Side of Sense.

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
 Where ev'ry Reason is exactly weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 A Hero frighted at the Noise of Drums,
 For her sweet Sake, whom at first Sight he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his Passion proves;
 But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He streight grows jealous, yet we know not why;
 And, to oblige his Rival, needs must die:
 But first he makes a Speech, wherein he tells,
 The absent Nymph, how much his Flame excels,
 And yet bequeaths her generously now
 To that dear Rival whom he does not know;
 Who streight appears, but who can Fate withstand?
 To late, alas! to hold his hasty Hand,
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
 At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke;
 He more to his new Friend than Mistress kind,
 Mourns sadly mourns at being left behind;

Of such a Death prefers the pleasing Charms
To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.
How shameful, and what monst'rous Things are these?
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the Dead,
And grudge the Sign of old BEN JOHNSON's Head:
When the intrinsick Value of the Stage,
Can scarce be judg'd, but by a following Age;
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
May keep up sinking Nonsense for a Time.
But that may fail, which now so much o'er rules,
And Sense no longer will submit to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright airy Top
The *EPIC Poets* so divinely show,
And with just Pride behold the rest below.
Heroic Poems have a just Pretence
To be the utmost Reach of humane Sense;
A Work of such inestimable Worth,
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
HOMER and VIRGIL; with what awful Sound
Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound!
Just as a Changeling seems below the rest
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast;
So these *Gigantic* Souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human Kind,
Nature's whole Strength united; endless Fame,
And universal Shouts attend their Name.
Read HOMER once, and you can read no more,
For all Things else appear so dull and poor:

Verse will seem Prose ; yet often on him look,
 And you will hardly need another Book.
 Had * BOSSU never writ, the World had still,
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill;
 As something of Divine the Work admir'd,
 Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd :
 But he, disclosing sacred Mysteries,
 Has shewn where all the Magick lies.
 Describ'd the Seeds, and in what Order sown,
 That have to such a vast Proportion grown.
 Sure from some Angel he this Secret knew,
 Who thro' this Labyrinth has giv'n the Clue.
 But what, alas ! avails it poor Mankind,
 To see this promis'd Land, yet stay behind ?
 The Way is shewn ; but who has Strength to go ?
 Who can all Sciences exactly know ?
 Whose Fancy flies beyond weak Reason's Sight,
 And yet has Judgment to direct it right ?
 Whose just Discernment, VIRGIL-like, is such,
 Never to say too little, or too much ?
 Let such a Man begin without Delay,
 But he must do much more than I can say ;
 Must above COWLEY, nay, and MILTON too, prevail,
 (CER fail.
 Succeed where great TORQUATO, and our greater SPEN-

* *A celebrated French Author, who, in his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, drew all his Examples from HOMER.*



*To the QUEEN, on the
Death of His Royal Highness Prince
GEORGE of DENMARK, 1708.*

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D. D.

WHEN weeping Majesty thro' Clouds appears,
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears,
'Tis universal Grief; and all would show
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.
While others various Arts of Comfort use;
Accept of mine, Great Princess, nor refuse
The Consolations of th' officious Muse,
Who sighs for you, and labours in his Turn,
To heal that Sorrow, while Kingdoms mourn.

With Cause indeed you grieve, with mighty Cause
Lament harsh Destiny's resistless Laws,
When the dear Partner of our Joys and Cares
No more survives, no more our Counsel shares;
No longer lives t' adorn your Court, and bless
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,
To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,
And ease the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns.

All was harmonious; no Dispute between
 Th' ambiguous Rights of Confort and of QUEEN,
 When mutual Tendernefs unquestion'd fway'd,
 And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
 How did the pious Royal Pair improve
 The brighteft Patterns of Connubial Love!
 Which ftill in all fhall Admiration raife;
 O! would they imitate, as well as praife.

In Life's Decay, to Sicknefs forc'd to yield,
 He fought, 'tis true, no Laurels in the Field:
 How could he then thofe tedious Toils fustain,
 With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with Pain?
 How range the thick'ning Squadrons into Form,
 Or reach th'uncertain Battle when to form?
 As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,
 Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to fhine.
 When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led
 His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,
 With fwift Destruction crush'd the valiant *Swede*;
 Rescu'd the finking Brother from the Foe,
 And fav'd a King and Kingdom at a Blow.

Or when he march'd with WILLIAM's Arms to join,
 And shar'd with him the Glory of the *Boyne*.
 Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours ceafe;
 Silent, but not inglorious, was his Eafe.
 Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,
 Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.
 Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,
 An Hero ftill in Piety, or Arms.

Tho'

Tho' all these Honours to himself are due,
One more conspicuous he derives from you;
Confort to such a QUEEN! That deathless Name
Shall add the brightest Lustre to his Fame;
Immortalize his Glory, and out-shine
All Regal Titles, but the *Right Divine*.

A Prince so excellent you needs must grieve
To lose, but Heav'n rejoices to receive:
Cease then your Sighs; while languishing you sit,
Britannia's Genius weeping at your Feet,
The Business of the World suspended stands,
Nor circulates without your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul resides,
The least Disorder feels, the whole Machine
Is pale without, and all untun'd within:
The vital Springs their active Force forget,
And all the lazy Pulses faintly beat.

Enough to Grief you then resign'd your Breast,
Profuse and lavish of your Royal Rest;
When negligent of all your Pomp and State,
Close by the gasping Prince you pensive fate;
Outwatch'd the Stars with wat'ry sleepless Eyes,
With Vows incessant importun'd the Skies;
And vainly struggling with relentless Death,
Hung on his trembling Lips and catch'd his flying Breath.

As much as could from Destiny be gain'd,
Your unexampled Piety obtain'd:
Long doubtful did his lifted Hand forbear
The threat'ned Stroke, which hov'ring hung in Air,

150 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Your Pray'rs with Heav'n maintain'd a dubious Strife,
His Soul long fluttering on the Verge of Life,
And by a gradual Death at last set free,
To soften Fate, and smooch it's harsh Decree.

Nor weep, as if your Glory too were dead,
And all your Joys with your lov'd Confort fled,
No more he holds your Pow'r in either Hand,
One to controul the Sea, and one the Land:
Yet Sov'reign o'er these Isles you still remain,
And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign:
Yet still your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,
And ride Majestick o'er the boundless Deep.
Abroad your conqu'ring Troops lament your Loss
In dreadful Grief, pernicious to your Foes.
Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,
On *Lisle's* retarding Citadel employ'd,
Murm'ring they paus'd, and Tidings to enquire,
With Arms reclin'd, and stopt their Storms of Fire;
But soon discharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,
And pour'd fresh Ruin on their shatter'd Walls.
MARLB'ROUGH and EUGENE still your Thunder wield,
In spite of Winter, and maintain the Field;
Always victorious, they the Foe engage,
Like Winter Tempests, with redoubled Rage;
Teaching his scatter'd Troops no more to dare
To stand the sweeping Whirlwind of their War,
Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance
On hostile Ground, and closely press on *France*.
Britannia's QUEEN, and all *Britannia's* Pow'rs,
Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs,

More

More terrible in Grief: So Lightnings fly,
Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds obscure the Sky.

Let all your Conquests for his Death attone,
Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve your own.
Chiefly to you the Godlike Prince is lost;
But think, Oh! think, you grieve at *Europe's* cost,
And least should mourn him, though you lose him most.

3

And you, who near your weeping Sov'reign wait,
And share the melancholy Pomp of State,
Use all your Female Tendernefs, and find
The gentlest Arts to recompose her Mind:
Nor with unskilful pious Haste increase
The swelling Passion which you strive to ease;
But sooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,
With all the softest Elegance of Grief.
In sad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,
And own, your QUEEN has wond'rous Cause to mourn.
But then intreat her to regard our Fears,
And count the vast Expence of Royal Tears.

May Heav'n, and she, if Heav'n our Crimes can spare,
Make that inestimable Life their Care.
That we implore, with anxious Fears oppress'd,
Sollicitous for That, and thoughtless of the rest.





*A P O E M on the
Death of our Late Most Gracious So-
vereign Queen ANNE; And the
Accession of His Most Excellent Majesty
King GEORGE, 1714.*

*Translated from the Latin of Bishop
Smalridge. By Mr. Sewell.*

WHEN her *Britannia* wept *ELIZA*'s Doom,
And mourn'd with equal Tears *Maria*'s Tomb,
As each deserv'd, each equal Muses drew,
Nor to their Heav'n without a Poet flew;
But now, what bolder Wing her Fame shall try?
Who follow *ANNA* thro' the boundless Sky?
Who shall describe, in an exalted Strain,
The Wars and Triumphs of a *Female Reign*?
Who Nations in eternal Leagues rehearse,
And Peace well worthy an eternal Verse?

Thou, * *Sacred Dome*, whom Royal Founders claim,
Wonted of old to grace the Royal Name,
And with a † hundred tuneful Tongues return
Thy grateful Sorrow to each Prince's Urn.

Do

* Christ-Church.

† The Number of Students.

Do thou with proper Notes the Youth inspire;
 Breath VIRGIL's Trumpet, touch the HORACIAN Lyre:
 So may thy Walls to ancient Splendor rise,
 And thy *Athenian* Turrets mate the Skies!

And thou, whose lib'ral Hand my Fortunes rais'd,
 O QUEEN! for ever lov'd, for ever prais'd;

Receive the Tribute which my Numbers bring,
 While the Muse strikes the *Elegiac* String:

While Life was thine, how much to thee I owe,
 How plenteous did thy Stream of Blessings flow?

O! how I grieve, for all thy Bounty gave,
 To bring this mournful Off'ring to thy Grave,

No Time shall ever from my Mind deface
 Thy Looks, thy Glories, and diviner Grace.

But most thy ancient Truth, thy pious Soul,
 With constant Glowings in thy Bosom roll;

The dear Rememb'rance ever is imprest,
 What Love of true Religion warm'd thy Breast!

* Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought
 The Suppliant's Prayer, and for the Wretched fought:

How kind you heard, how plenteous pour'd your Store
 And tho' I ask'd for much, you granted more.

Thus at your Sight Afflictions grew more mild,
 And Fortune lost her Anger as you smil'd.

O had but envious Death made some Delay,
 And not so hasty snatch'd the Royal Prey:

Then (may her Promises to me be shown)
 Thy Muses, *Oxford*, had her Blessings known.

H 5

What

* He was Lord Almoner to Her Majesty.

154 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

What Domes, O sacred *Mother*, hadst thou seen,
 The pious Gift of a religious QUEEN!
 How had another *Area* rais'd its Head,
 And scornful o'er its ancient Ruins spread!
 What Walls had rose! what lofty Turrets crown'd,
 Theme for thy Sons in future Days to found.
 But now, when here the Trav'ler turns his Eyes,
 And, ah! the great unfinish'd Labour spies;
 A double Pity rises from his View,
 He mourns the Publick Loss, and *Oxford* too.

Who shall *Britannia's* falling State sustain?
 Who fix the Empire of the Land and Main?
 Who ANNA's Greatness and her Virtues bear,
 And sooth with equal Pity all our Care?

O thou, to whom the Pious Queen resign'd
 A Scepter equal to thy mighty Mind,
 O come, Auspicious! urge thy happy Way,
 And bless thy Subjects with a brighter Day.
 The Nobles Thee, the Fathers Thee require,
 The People Thee, their Guardian God, desire.
 And haply, if the Care of Publick Weight
 Shall call you from the Pomp and Noise of State;
 And here incline you in our calm Retreat,
 To taste the Pleasures of the Muses Seat.
 Then, Mighty Prince, you better here will see
 What ANNA left to be perform'd by Thee.
 Then better shall this *Loyal House* proclaim
 What Reverence she paid to ANNA's Name,
 While to her SUCCESSOR she pays the same.

}
 The



The D R E A M.

Occasioned by the Death of Q. Anne.

By Aaron Hill, Esq;

S Low-rising Night had her black Flag unfurl'd,
And spread her footy Mantle o'er the World;
The waning Moon shed, Pale, a sickly Light,
And Stars scarce twinkled to th' enquiring Sight:
Half the lost Earth, by Darknes over-run,
Wept, in cold Dews, the Absence of the Sun:
The Waves were hush'd, the Winds forgot to roar,
And Storms, detach'd in Breezes, cours'd the Shore.
The mix'd Creation was involv'd in Sleep,
Fishes roll'd, slumb'ring, thro' the stagnate Deep;
Beasts, Birds and Serpents, various Beds possess,
Some in thick Woods, some in dark Caverns, rest:
Antipathies, in common Sleep, took Part;
Care curs'd nor thought; and Woe forgot to smart:
Immerg'd in Rest, my drowsy Senses lay,
And Death's proud Image practis'd on my Clay;
But, while, disdainful of the mean Controll,
No dull Desires invade my wakeful Soul,
Active, th' Inspirer, skilful to pursue,
Thro' the wild Tracks of mazy Mem'ry flew;

There, scatter'd Images to Union brought,
And form'd this wondrous Vision to my Thought.

I found my self, at Dead of deepest Night,
Chear'd by no glimm'ring Spark of Remnant Light,
Lock'd in that ancient, venerable Pile,
Which holds her sacred Dust, who lately blest our Isle!
Ascending Damps the gloomy Concave sought,
And hung, imprison'd, to th' impervious Vault.
While my shod Feet trac'd swift the dusky Round,
Hoarse Echo's multiply'd the trampling Sound!
The sweating Stones distill'd a noisome Dew,
And Earthy Scents my Death-fed Nostrils drew!
Cold Frosts of Fear pierc'd keen thro' ev'ry Part;
And shiv'ring Agues shook my Ice-bound Heart;
A hollow Wind, from whistling Murmurs, bore
Its gathering Din more high, and strove to roar!
The tatter'd Trophies fan'd the prison'd Air:
And chill Amazement stiffen'd up my Hair!

While fix'd I stood, intent on Rumbings near;
And distant Groans alarm'd my aking Ear!
Sudden, the Temple, * shone with rushing Light,
And new-born Terrors overwhelm'd my Sight!
Ghosts, from the loos'ning Pavement, raise their Head,
And yawning Graves disclose their shrowded Dead!
Shot up, in Streams, a Mist of Spirits rise,
As morning Exhalations streak the Skies.
Soul-freezing Horror tingled thro' my Blood,
And curdling Fear bound hard the vital Flood!

Un-

* Westminster-Abbey.

Unbending Nerves their dying Vigour lost,
And drooping Life scarce held her dangerous Post :
Large Drops of Sweat from every Finger shed,
And all the Frame of Nature shook with Dread.

From the East End, where mouldring Monarchs lie,
And Worms, luxuriant, feast on Royalty ;
Where each proud Tomb some Dust of Princes boasts,
There marches out a Troop of Sovereign Ghosts !
Each, in his Shadowy Hand, a Scepter brings,
Th' acknowledg'd Mark of Power in living Kings !
A glitt'ring Diadem each Forehead wore ;
Their Robes trail'd loose, and swept the honour'd Floor !
With slow, and stately Stride, the Monarchs tread,
And ev'ry Meaner Spirit bows its Head !
In foremost Rank, as latest known to Fame,
The grave-brow'd Ghost of awful ANNA came !
Calm, and Serene, the silent Walks they trace,
And halt, regardful, at each solemn Place.
Visit each Tomb, and in mysterious State,
Hail the dry Remnants of the wasted *Great*.

This Pomp of Death, thus, wore half Night away,
And came, at length, where DENMARK's Body lay ;
There ANNA staid, and looking careful round,
With shadowy Scepter touch'd the conscious Ground :
'Tis strange, she sigh'd, that he, whom most I blest,
Has never thank'd me, since I came to Rest !

The willing Ghost his marbly Fetters broke,
And rose up, slowly, at the pow'rful Stroke :
An Air of Sorrow bent his serious Head ;
His Eyes some seeming Tears, reluctant, shed :

With

With folded Arms, and discontented Look,
 Thrice bow'd he gently, and thus faintly spoke;
 Hail! Happy Shade! rest here, unforc'd to reign,
 Nor toil, to save a stubborn Land, in vain.
 How did just Pity sweeten thy Controll!
 How didst thou strain thy Virtue-propping Soul!
 How didst thou wish th' unfinish'd Course to run,
 And act, in Will, what Power has left undone!
 For this, since Death, Detraction wounds thy Fame:
 And insolent Reproach corrodes thy Name.
 Ungrateful People!—Unrepenting State!
 Hast thou, O Queen! *deserv'd* th' ungentle Fate?

He ceas'd;—Each list'ning Monarch shook his Head!
 While she, to whom he spoke, thus answering, said,
 O DENMARK! wonder not at Ills like those,
 ANGELS if crown'd in ENGLAND, wou'd have Foes.
 Desert, like mine, with living Glories paid,
 Can fear no Scandal, when become a Shade.
 If ought's left wanting to my People's Prayer,
 Mourn not th' unfinish'd Progress of my Care:
 When Princes some wish'd Good, in vain, pursue;
 By them not done, 'tis left for Heav'n to do!
 Let us, in Peace, enjoy our silent Bed,
 Truth always triumphs, when she serves the Dead.



The



The W E D D I N G - D A Y.

By the same.

T Was one *May* Morning, when the Clouds undrawn,
Expos'd, in naked Charms, the waking Dawn;
When Night-fal'n Dews, by Days warm Courtship won,
From reeking Roses climb'd to kiss the Sun;
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her Odours round;
The Dew-bent Primrose kiss'd the breeze swept Ground:
The watchful Cock had thrice proclaim'd the Day,
And glimm'ring Sunbeams, faintly forc'd their Way:
When join'd in Hand, and Heart, to Church we went,
Mutual in Vows, and Prisoners by Consent.
AURELIA's Heart beat high, with mix'd Alarms;
But trembling Beauty glow'd with double Charms.
In her soft Breast a modest Struggle rose,
How she shou'd seem to like the Lot she chose:
A Smile, she thought, wou'd dress her Looks too gay;
A Frown might seem too sad, and blast the Day.
But while nor This, nor That, her Will cou'd bow,
She walk'd, -and look'd, -and charm'd, -and knew not how!

Our

Our Hands, at length, th' unchanging *Fiat* bound,
 And our glad Souls sprung out to greet the Sound.
 Joys, meeting Joys, unite, and stronger shine;
 For Passion, purify'd, grows half Divine:

AURELIA, thou art mine, I cry'd,——and she
 Sigh'd soft—Now, *Damon*, Thou art Lord of me.

But wilt thou, whisper'd she, the Knot now ty'd,
 Which only Death's keen Weapon can divide,
 Wilt thou, still mindful of thy Raptures past,
 Permit the Summer of Love's Hope to last?

Shall not cold Wintry Frosts come on too soon?
 Ah, say! What means the World by Honey-Moon?
 If we so short a Space our Bliss enjoy,
 What Toils does Love for one poor Month employ!
 Women thus us'd, like Bubbles, blown with Air,
 Owe to their outward Charms a Sun-gilt Glare:
 Like them, we glitter to the distant Eye,

But, grasp'd like them, we do but weep and die!

Lest more, said I, thou shou'd'st profane the Bliss,
 I'll seal thy dang'rous Lips, with this close Kiss:
 Not thus, the Heav'n of Marriage Hopes blaspheme!
 But learn, from me, to speak on this lov'd Theme.

There have been Wedlock Joys of swift decay,
 Like Lightning, seen at once, and shot away:
 But Theirs were Hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
 Like Fire and Powder, kiss'd, and flash'd to Air!
 Thy Soul and mine, by mutual Courtship won,
 Meet like two mingling Flames, and make but one.
 Union of Hearts, not Hands, does Marriage make;
 'Tis Sympathy of Mind keeps Love awake:

Our

Our growing Days Increase of Joy shall know,
 And thick-sown Comforts leave no Room for Woe.
 Thou, the soft swelling Vine, shall fruitful last,
 I, the strong Elm, will prop thy Beauties fast;
 Thou shalt strow Sweets, to soften Life's rough Way;
 And, when hot Passions my proud Wishes sway,
 Thou, like some Breeze, shalt in my Bosom play.
 Thou, for Protection, shalt on me depend,
 And I, on thee, for a soft, faithful Friend.
 I, in AURELIA, shall for ever view,
 At once, my Care, -my Fear, -my Comfort, -too!
 Thou shalt First Partner in my Pleasures be,
 But all my Pains shall, Last, be known to thee.

AURELIA heard, and view'd me with a Smile,
 Which seem'd, at once, to cherish and revile!
 O God of Love! she cry'd—What Joys were thine,
 If all Life's Race were *Wedding-Days* like mine!



The



The G N A T.

By the Same.

I.

WHile, in the *Mall*, my CÆLIA shone,
And drew th' adoring World to gaze,
A wanton *Gnat* came buzzing on,
To gambol in her Blaze.

II.

Enliven'd by her lucid Beams,
And urging Bliss too nigh;
Th' attractive Beauty's powerful Streams,
O'erwhelm'd him in her Eye.

III.

The glowing Orb, swift catching Fire,
Now Heat was mix'd with Light;
The Wings, that durst so high aspire,
She rubb'd to Dust in Spite.

IV.

Mean while, the clouded Sight shone dim,
Her Sun thro' Mists appears;
Moist Anguish rose above the Brim,
And flow'd away in Tears.

V.

V.

O Gnat! too Happy! thus too die!
My CÆLIA weeps thy Fate;
She kills me, every Day, yet I,
No Pity can create.

VI.

Myfterious Sex! by Custom led,
Mere Trifles moſt to prize!
O Truth, to turn a Lover's Head!
They Murder *Men*, and weep for *Flies*.



Sufannah and the Two Elders.

An Imitation of Chaucer.

By Mr. PRIOR.

FAIR *Susan* did her Wifehode well maintayne,
Algates assaulted fore by Leachers twayne.
Now, an' I read aryghte that auncient Song,
The Paramours were Olde, the Dame was Yong.

Had thilke fame Tale in other guise been told,
Had they been Yong (pardie) and she been Olde,
Sweet Jesu! that had been much forer Tryale;
Full marvailous, I wot, were such Denyale!

The



The Same Attempted in a Modern Stile.

By Mr. COBB.

WHEN Fair *Susannah*, in a cool Retreat
Of shady Arbours shunn'd the sultry Heat,
Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame,
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.
The Story's antient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true! had Authors sung,
How that the Dame was old, the Lovers Young!
If she had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
Lord! how the Story would have shock'd my Creed!
For that had been a Miracle indeed.



EPITAPH *on Mr. Fenton*, 1730.

By Mr. POPE.

THE modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, here lies an *Honest Man*:
A Poet blest beyond a Poet's Fate,
Whom Heav'n kept Sacred from the Proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Arms of Peace;
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and *Here*
Saw nothing to regret, nor *There* to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had Liv'd, and that he Dy'd.



Tran-



Translations of the following Verse
from *LUCAN*.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa CATONI.

D R Y D E N.

H Eaven, meanly with the Conqueror did comply,
But *Cato*, rather than submit, wou'd die.

R O S C O M O N.

The Gods were pleas'd to chuse the conquering Side,
But *Cato* thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

S T E P N E Y.

The Gods and *Cato*, did in this divide,
They chose the Conquering, he the conquer'd Side.

Dr. L O C K H A R T.

The Gods espous'd and crown'd the Victor's Side,
But for the Vanquish'd *Cato* fought and dy'd.

Mr. C A M P B E L L.

The Partial Gods, espous'd the Victor's Side,
But juster *Cato* for the Vanquish'd dy'd.

Mr. R O W E.

Justly to name the better Cause were hard,
While greatest Names for either Side declar'd,
Victorious *CÆSAR*, by the Gods was crown'd,
The Vanquish'd Party was by *Cato* own'd.

The



The P R O S P E C T.

Written in the Chiosk at Pera, overlooking Constantinople, Dec. 26, 1717.

By Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

GIVE me, great God, said I, a little Farm,
In Summer shady, and in Winter warm:
Where a clear Spring gives Birth unto a Brook;
By Nature gliding down a mossy Rock;
Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd,
Or greater falling in a forc'd Cascade,
Pure, and unfully'd, winding thro' the Shade.

}
}

All bounteous Heav'n has added to my Pray'r,
A softer Climate, and a purer Air,
Our frozen Isle * now chilling Winter binds;
Deform'd by Rains, and rough with blustering Winds;
The wither'd Woods grown white with hoary Frost,
By driving Storms their verdant beauty lost.
The trembling Birds their leafless Coverts shun;
And seek in distant Climes a warmer Sun:
The Water-Nymphs their silenc'd Urns deplore;
Ev'n *Thames* benumm'd, a River now no more.
The barren Meadows give no more Delight;
By glifs'ning Snow made painful to the Sight.

Here

* *England.*

Here Summer reigns with one eternal Smile;
 Succeeding Harvest blest the happy Soil:
 Fair fertile Fields, to which indulgent Heav'n
 Has ev'ry Charm of ev'ry Season given:
 No killing Cold deforms the beauteous Year;
 The springing Flowers no coming Winter fear;
 But, as the Parent-Rose decays and dies,
 The Infant-Buds with brighter Colours rise;
 Each with fresh Sweets the Mother-Scent supplies:
 Near them the Violet glows, with Odours blest,
 And blooms, in more than *Tyrian*-Purple drest:
 The rich Jonquils their Golden Gleam display,
 And shine in Glories emulating Day:
 Their chearful Groves, their living Leaves retain;
 The Streams still murmur, undefil'd by Rain,
 And growing Greens adorn the fruitful Plain:
 The warbling Birds uninterrupted sing;
 Warm with Enjoyment of perpetual Spring:
 Here, from my Window, I at once survey
 The crowded City and resounding Sea:
 In distant Views see *Asian* Mountains rise,
 And lose their snowy Summits in the Skies:
 Above these Mountains high *Olympus* tow'rs,
 The Parliamentary Seat of Heav'nly Powers.

New to the Sight, my ravish'd Eyes admire
 Each gilded Crescent, and each antique Spire;
 The Marble Mosques, beneath whose ample Domes
 Fierce warlike Sultans sleep in peaceful Tombs:
 Those lofty Structures, once the Christian Boast,
 Their Names, their Beauties, and their Honours lost:

Those

Those Altars bright, with Gold, with Sculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous Zeal of Savage Foes defac'd :
Sophia alone her ancient Sound retain,
Tho' unbelieving Vows her Shrine profane ;
Where holy Saints have dy'd in sacred Cells,
Where Monarchs pray'd, the frantick *Dervise* dwells.

How art thou fall'n, imperial City, low ?
Where are thy Hopes of *Roman* Glory now ?
Where are thy Palaces by Prelates rais'd ?
Where Priestly Pomp in Purple Lustre blaz'd ?
Where *Græcian* Artists all the Skill display'd ?
Before the happy Sciences decay'd :
So vast, that youthful Knight might there reside ;
So splendid, might content a Patriarch's Pride :
Convents, where Emperors profess'd of old,
The labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told :
Vain Monuments of Men, that once were Great,
Sunk undistinguish'd in one common Fate :
One little Spot the small Recess contains,
Of *Greek* Nobility, the Poor remains ;
Whose modern *Helens* shew such pow'rful Charms,
As once engag'd, the warring World in Arms :
Those Names, which Royal Ancestry can boast,
In mean mechanick Arts obscurely lost.
These Eyes a second *Homer* might inspire ;
Fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire.
Griev'd at a View which strikes upon my Mind,
The short-liv'd Vanity of Human Kind.
In gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight,
And turn, where *Eastern* Pomp gives Day Delight.

See the vast Train in various Habits drest ;
 By the bright Scymitar, and fable Vest,
 The Vizier proud, distinguish'd from the rest.
 Six Slaves, in gay Attire, his Bridle hold ;
 His Bridle rich with Gems, his Stirups Gold :
 His snowy Steed adorn'd with lavish Pride,
 Whole Troops of Soldiers mounted by his Side :
 These tofs the plummy Crest, *Arabian* Courfers guide :
 With awful Duty, all decline their Eyes ;
 No bellowing Shouts of noisy Crowds arise ;
 Silence, in solemn State, the March attends,
 'Till at the dread *Divan*, the slow Procession ends.

Yet not these Prospects all profusely Gay ;
 The gilded Navy that adorns the Sea ;
 The rising City, in Confusion fair,
 Magnificently form'd Irregular,
 (Where Woods and Palaces at once surprize ;
 Gardens on Gardens, Domes on Domes arise,
 And endless Beauties tire the wand'ring Eyes :)
 So sooth my Wishes, or so charm my Mind,
 At this Retreat, secure from Human Kind :
 No Knave's successful Craft does Spleen excite,
 No Coxcomb's taudry Splendor shocks my Sight :
 No Mob-Alarms awake my Female Fear :
 No Praise my Mind, no Envy hurts my Ear :
 Ev'n Fame itself can hardly reach me here.
 Impertinence, with all her tattling Train,
 Fair sounding *Flattery's* delicious Bane :
 Cenforious Folly, noisy Party-rage,
 The Thousand Tongues with which She must engage,
 Who dares have Vertue in a Vicious Age !

Horace



Horace. Book III. Ode III. *Imitated.*

By William Walfh, *Esq;*

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his Principles and Trust,
Nor Hopes, nor Fears can blind;
No Passions his Designs controul,
Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
Can shake his steady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
Nor Storms where Fleets despair:
Not Thunder pointed at his Head;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose;
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes:
Of this their Poets sing:

172 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

These were the Paths their Heroes trod;
 These Acts made *Hercules* a God,
 And great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
 Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
 With black'ning Storms combin'd:
 Virtue, he cry'd, will force his Way;
 The Wind may, for a while, delay,
 Nor alter our Design.

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,
 Or Vanity allures to Fame,
 May be to Fears betray'd:
 But here, a Church for Succour flies,
 Insulted Law expiring lies,
 And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal
 I come, the wounded Heart to heal,
 The wounded Hand to bind:
 See! Tools of arbitrary Sway,
 And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
 Before the *Western* Wind.

Law shall again her Force resume,
 Religion clear'd from Clouds of *Rome*,
 With brighter Rays advance:
 The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep,
 The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
 Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor

Nor shall these Promises of Fate,
Be limited to my short Date,
When I from Cares withdraw;
Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,
Shall flourish in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

She shall domestick Foes unite;
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain:
She shall lost *Italy* restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to *Spain*.

But know these Promises are given,
These great Rewards, imperial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree;
That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,
You let their *Consciences and Thoughts*
Rest absolutely free.

Let no false Politicks confine
In narrow Bounds your vast Design,
To make Mankind unite;
Nor think it a sufficient Cause,
To punish Men by Penal Laws,
For not Believing right.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind;
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
Who ne'er Compassion knew:

174 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

By nobler Actions theirs condemn ;
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre;
Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,
Pretending to rehearse
The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings?
Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things,
By mean ignoble Verse.



Horace



Horace. Book IV. Ode V. *Imitated.*

*Addressed to His Grace the Duke of
Marlborough, instead of Augustus,
To whom it is dedicated in the Original.*

*Divis orte bonis, optime Romule
Custos Gentis, &c.*

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to smile,
Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!
Too long hast thou been absent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy *Britons* mourn
Thy slow Return;
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral Right.

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'd'st its Shore;
For like the Springs, when thy bright Aspect's seen,
It on the People darts its Rays,
And introduces Sun-shine Days,
And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's serene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the South-Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,

Beyond his wanted and his promis'd Time,
 From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
 And will not from the Shore avert her Face!

But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
 Expensive of her briny Tears,
 In Hopes to see him reach his native Clime.
 Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Prefence Oxen plow the Fields,
 And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields;
 As every Project to our Wish succeeds,
 While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
 From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,
 And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy virtuous Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Examples due,
 No Peer frequents the long-neglected Stew,
 That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
 That Laws are put in Force,
 And Punishments come on of Course,
 When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
 Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* Plot?
 Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Swede*?
 If *Marlb'rough's* free from Harms,
 The World against us is in vain in Arms,
 And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger freed.

VII.

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flower raise;
Will lop the Sycamore, and prune the Vine,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,
While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Rev'ence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* antient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor's* or *Alcides'* deathless Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince! for so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving Feasts;
Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
Or make one Holiday of Time,
'Till thou celestial Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears,
These are our Day-break Wishes, when athirst we wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers take.

*Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis,
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt urbes.*

Mart. l. 9.



THE
CABINET
OF
LOVE.

— O passæ Genialia prælia Matres,
Virgineam intactæ Zonam discingite Sponsæ,
Intrepidesque afflate animos, jam nuda Mariti
Membra Cupidineam fervent intrare Palæstram.

Quillet. Callip. Lib. 2.





The DISCOVERY.

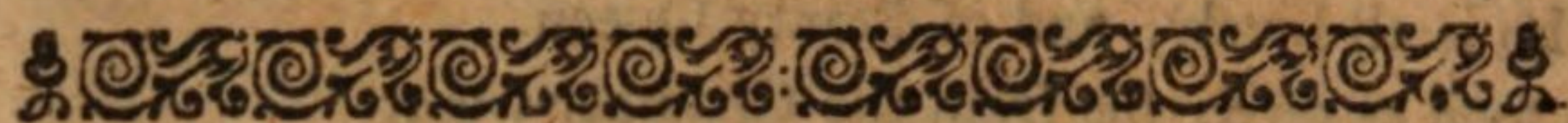
TO *Sylvia's* Room I (unsuspected) stole,
Unseen by her, I crept into a Hole,
Where I could view the spacious Room all round,
Observe the Nymph, and not by her be found.
When first I enter'd, on the Bed she lay,
Her Face half out, like *Sol* at Break of Day;
And now, like him, she thinks it Time to rise;
As he unclouds, so she unveils her Eyes;
Then by Degrees, she rais'd herself upright,
Phæbus himself ne'er yet appear'd so bright;
So clear she seem'd, did not her sable Hair
Eclipse her Eyes, there'd be no looking there.
She naked stood, whilst I with Joy adore
The finest Shape I e'er had seen before;
Her little, pretty, panting Bubbies were
As white as Snow, and as the Chrystal clear.
I something saw, which was but thinly hair'd,
It not too bushy, nor too bald appear'd;
The Charms of which, I'll from the Reader hide,
For 'twas more lovely than I can describe.
The Sight of which set all my Blood on Fire,
Made——foam with over-much Desire;
And swelling, shew'd he wanted to be nigher.
Oh! there I thought I could for ever dwell,
Partaking Bliss beyond what Tongue can tell;

The Sight would nourish me ten thousand Years,
 Give solid Joys, which are unmix'd with Fears.
 I bless'd my Eyes, and would not change my Seat
 For all the Pompous Riches of the Great.
 She turn'd her round, then sat upon the Bed;
 Her Lilly Hands pull'd ope her Maidenhead.
 She strove to view what I more plain could see,
 Which rais'd my Passion to an Ecstasy.
 The Sight alone soon made me shed my——,
 And spill that —— of which she stood in Need.
 Then from the Table she her Garment took,
 Where, in her Pocket, was a Bawdy Book;
 Which she remov'd, and thence drew out a Tool,
 Much like to that with which Men Women rule;
 She it apply'd where I'm ashamed to tell,
 And acted what I could have done as well.
 Soon from her Womb a slimy Matter sprung;
 Poor—— starts, and thinks he suffers wrong;
 And in Revenge, he now again lets fly,
 And spewing, fell down in an Agony.
 With Transport he some little Time lay dead;
 But soon reviving, rais'd his Coral Head.
 She now leaves off, and lays the D——by;
 Then with the Sheet, rubs her *Tu quoque* dry,
 And whipes the M——e off her snowy Thigh.
 Thus she prepar'd to put her Vestments on,
 Which shade her Body, as a Cloud the Sun.
 Some with fine Cloaths do make themselves more bright,
 But she shines fairest in her natu'al Light.

And

And needs no Colour to set off her Mein,
Who is all lovely, and of Beauty Queen.
As soon as drest, she from the Chamber went,
And left me sighing in my Tenement:
I then crept out, and to the Bed I ran,
And kiss'd the Pillow that her Cheeks lay on.
I found the D——, which I brought away,
Whilst it was warm with the 'foremention'd Play;
And was resolv'd, that he no more should prove
Poor——Rival, who can only move
The Lust of Ladies, and not lay their Love.
'Tis I, said——, that must quench the Fire;
The most you do, serves but to raise Desire:
Thou lifeless, sapless, frozen, stubborn Tool,
Dost think thou can'st the Hearts of Women rule?
No one that ever knew the Worth of me,
Will after take up with unjuicy thee.
Thus he insults this new ta'en Prisoner,
Like some ambitious upstart Emperor,
Who has just ended a successful War.
I thought it now was time to quit the Room,
And pass at Home my humble Captive's Doom.

DIL-



D I L D O I D E S.

By Mr. Butler, Author of Hudibras.

Occasioned by a Burning a Hogshead of those Commodities at Stocks-Market, in the Year 1672, pursuant to an Act of Parliament then made for the prohibiting of French Goods.

SUCH a sad Tale prepare to hear,
 As claims from either Sex a Tear.
 Twelve *Dildoes* meant for the Support
 Of aged Lechers of the Court,
 Were lately burnt by impious Hand
 Of trading Rascals of the Land,
 Who envying their curious Frame,
 Expos'd these *Priaps* to the Flame.
 Oh! barbarous Times! when Deities
 Are made themselves a Sacrifice!
 Some were compos'd of shining Horns,
 More precious than the Unicorn's.
 Some were of Wax, where ev'ry Vein,
 And smallest Fibre, were made plain.

Some

Some were for tender Virgins fit,
Some for the large falacious Slit
Of a rank Lady, tho' so torn,
She hardly feels when Child is born.

Dildo has Nose, but cannot smell,
No Stink can his great Courage quell;
At Sight of Plaister he'll ne'er fail,
Nor faintly ask you what you ail;
Women must have both Youth and Beauty,
E're——, damn'd Rogue, will do his Duty;
And then sometimes he will not stand too,
Whate'er Gallant or Mistress can do.

But I too long have left my Heroes,
Who fell into worse Hands than *Nero's*;
Twelve of them shut up in a Box,
Martyrs as true as are in *Fox*,
Were seiz'd upon as Goods forbidden,
Deep, under lawful Traffick, hidden;
When Council grave, of deepest Beard,
Were call'd for, out of City-Herd.
But see the Fate of cruel Treachery,
Those Goats in Head, but not in Lechery,
Forgetting each his Wife and Daughter,
Condemn'd these *Dildoes* to the Slaughter:
Cuckolds with Rage were blinded so,
They did not their Preservers know.
One less fanatick than the rest,
Stood up, and thus himself address'd:

These

These *Dildoes* may do Harm, I know;
But pray what is it may not so?
Plenty has often made Men proud,
And above Law advanc'd the Crowd:
Religion's Self has ruin'd Nations,
And caused vast Depopulations;
Yet no wise People e'er refus'd it,
'Cause Knaves and Fools sometimes abus'd it:
Are you afraid, lest merry Griggs
Will wear false — like Perriwigs;
And being but to small ones born,
Will great ones have of Wax and Horn.
Since even that promotes our Gain,
Methinks unjustly we complain,
If Ladies rather chuse to handle
Our Wax in *Dildoe* than in Candle,
Much Good may't do 'em, so they pay for't,
And that the Merchant never stay for't:
For, Neighbours, is't not all one whether
In——or Shoes they wear our Leather?
Whether of Horn they make a Comb,
Or Instrument to chafe the Womb,
Like you, I Monsieur *Dildoe* hate;
But the Invention let's translate.
You treat 'em may like *Turks* and *Jews*,
But I'll have two for my own Use.
Priapus was a Roman Deity,
And much has been the World's Variety;

I am resolv'd I'll none provoke,
From th' humble Garlick to the Oak.
He paus'd, another strait stept in,
With limber——, and grisly Chin,
And thus did his Harangue begin.

}

For Soldiers, maim'd by Chance of War,
We artificial Limbs prepare :
Why then should we bear so much Spite
To Lechers maim'd in am'rous Fight ?
That what the *French* send for Relief,
We thus condemn as Witch or Thief ?
By *Dildoe*, *Monsieur* sure intends
For his *French* Pox to make amends ;
Dildoe, without the least Disgrace,
May well supply the Lover's Place,
And make our elder Girls ne'er care for't,
Though't were their Fortune to dance bare-foot.
Lechers, whom Clap or Drink disable,
Might here have *Dildoes* to their Navel.
Did not a Lady of great Honour
Marry a Footman waiting on her ?
When one of these timely apply'd,
Had eas'd her Lust, and sav'd her Pride,
Safely her Ladyship might have spent,
While such Gallants in Pocket went.
Honour itself might use the Trade,
While——goes in Masquerade.
Which of us able to prevent is
His Girl from lying with his 'Prentice,

Unless

Unless we other Means provide
 For Nature to be satisfy'd?
 And what more proper than this Engine,
 Which would out-do 'em, should three Men join.
 I therefore hold it very foolish,
 Things so convenient to abolish;
 Which should we burn, Men justly may
 To that one Act the Ruin lay
 Of all that throw themselves away.

At this, all Parents Hearts began
 To melt apace, and not a Man
 In all the Assembly, but found
 These Reasons solid were and sound.
 Poor Widows then with Voices shrill,
 And shouts of Joy the Hall did fill;
 For wicked *P*—— have no Mind to her,
 Who has no Money, nor no Jointure.

Then one in Haste broke thro' the Throng,
 And cry'd aloud, are we among,
 Heathens or Devils, to let 'scape us
 The Image of the God *Priapus*?
 Green-sickness Girls will strait adore him,
 And wickedly fall down before him:
 From him each superstitious Hussy
 Will Temples make of *Tussy Mussy*.
 Idolatry will fill the Land,
 And all true——forget to stand.

Curst be the Wretch, who found these Arts
Of losing us the Womens Hearts;

For will they not henceforth refuse one,
When they have all that they had Use on?

Or how shall I make one to pity me,
Who enjoys Man in his Epitome?

Besides what greater Deviation
From sacred Rights of Propagation,
Than turning th' Action of the Pool
Whence we all come, to Ridicule?

The Man that would have Thunder made
With brazen Road, for Courser made,
In my Mind did not half so ill do,
As he that found this wicked *Dildo*.

Then let's with common Indignation,
Now cause a sudden Conflagration
Of all these Instruments of Lewdness;

And, Ladies, take it not for Rudeness;

For never was so base a Treachery
Contriv'd by Mortals against Lechery.

Men would kind Husbands seem, and able,
With feigned Lust, and borrow'd Bawble.

Lovers themselves would dress their Passion
In this fantastick new *French* Fashion;

And with false Heart and Member too,
Rich Widows for Convenience wooe.

But the wise City will take Care,
That Men shall vend no such false Ware.

See now th' unstable vulgar Mind
 Shook like a Leaf with ev'ry Wind;
 No sooner had he spoke, but all
 With a great Rage for Faggots call:
 The Reasons which before seem'd good,
 Were now no longer understood.
 This last Speech had the fatal Power
 To bring the *Dildo*s latest Hour.

Priapus thus, in Box oppress'd,
 Burnt, like a *Phoenix* in her Nest;
 But with this fatal Diff'rence dies,
 No *Dildo*s from his Ashes rise.



The



The DELIGHTS of VENUS.

Translated from Meursius.

WHen Nature once, like *Nile*, the——o'erflows,
The clammy Womb, like *Egypt*, fruitful grows;
Octavia now began, just in her Prime,
To stain her Linnen with a Monthly Slime.
Just at Sixteen her Breasts began to heave,
And into Snow-white Semi-Gloves to cleave.
On *Venus* Mount the Hair a Cov'ring made,
To hide Love's Altar with an envious Shade.
Grown ripe, her itching Fancy Pleasure feigns,
Yet scarce knows what the Titulation means.
All Night she thinks on Man, both toils and sweats,
And dreaming——, and——upon the Sheets;
But never knew the more substantial Bliss,
And scarce e'er touch'd a Man, but by a Kiss.
Her Virgin——ne'er knew the Joys of Love,
Beyond what D——, or her Finger gave.
Yet fain would she this private Secret know,
From whence and how the mutual Pleasures flow
To Man and Wife. Then from her Bed she rose,
To *Tulla* went, and begg'd her to disclose
The Grief she suffer'd on her Bridal Night;
The Charms, the Raptures, and the soft Delight,
That

That make the large Amends for all the Pain
Which narrow——Virgins do sustain.

Tullia consents, and thus the Tale began.

Tull.] When I came reeking from the Bridal Bed,
Eas'd of that hateful Thing a Maidenhead;
Having just tasted Man, just newly——,
Finding the Pleasure so sublime, I cry'd,
And said, How long have I supinely laid,
And dreamt, and languish'd in a lonely Bed?
Till this last blissful Night, I've liv'd in vain,
And ne'er enjoy'd that Godlike Creature, Man.
Had I but known the Bliss, or had I guess'd
At the Delights with which I'm now possess'd,
I had not staid for Marriage, that State-Trick,
But lost my Reputation for a——.
Let not what I relate discourage you,
And all that happen'd, you shall truly know.
Callus the Bridegroom, and myself the Bride,
Dress'd and adorn'd in all the wanton Pride
That Art invents, Youth's Beauty to improve,
And adds fresh Fire to our impatient Love,
Were forc'd, altho' unwilling, to dispense
With Kissing, and much more Impertinence.
But when our Friends and Wedding-Guests were gone,
And in the Scene of Love we left alone,
Naked I lay, clasp'd in my *Callus's* Arms,
Dreading, yet longing for his sweetning Charms;
Two burning Tapers spread around their Light,
And chas'd away the Darknes of the Night,

When

When *Callus* from my panting Bosom flew,
And with him from the Bed, the Bed-Cloaths drew.
I to conceal my naked Body try'd,
And what he wish'd to see, I strove to hide,
But what I held, with Force he pull'd away,
'Till naked as a new born Babe I lay.

I blush'd, but yet my Thoughts were pleas'd to find
Myself so laid, and him I lov'd, so kind.

Struggling I lay, expos'd to his Eyes;
He view'd my Breast, my Belly, and my Thighs,
And ev'ry Part that there adjacent lies.

No Part, or Limb, his eager Eyes escap'd,
Nay, my plump B——ks too he saw and clasp'd.

He dally'd thus, thus rais'd the lustful Fire,

'Till Modesty was vanquish'd by Desire.

I then look'd up, which yet I had not done,

And saw his Body naked as my own

I saw his——with active Vigour strong,

'Thick as my Arm, and, 'Faith, almost as long.

Of cruel Smart I knew I should not fail,

Because his——so large, my——so small.

He soon perceiv'd my Blushing and Surprise,

And strait my Hand unto his——did seize;

Which bigger drew, and did more stiffly stand,

Feeling the Warmth of my enliv'ning Hand.

Thus far I've told you of the pleasing Sight;

You know that——our darling Favourite.

It is defin'd, a hollow boneless Part
Of better Use, and nobler than the Heart;

With

With Mouth, but without Eyes; it has a Head,
 Soft as the Lips, and as the Cherry red;
 The——hang dangling in their hairy——,
 From whence proceed the Spring of tickling Floods.
 Good——should be both thick as well as tall,
 Your F—— D—— are a Size too small.
 At first they're hardly in our —— contain'd;
 For Maidenheads are by much Labour gain'd;
 But Men, well furnish'd with stout——, are wont
 To force their Passage thro' a bleeding——.
 Man's unesteem'd, a hated Monster made,
 When his——short, and can't for Favour plead.
 Women do not the Man, but —— wed;
 For Marriage-Joys are center'd in the Bed.
 Now *Callus* strok'd and kiss'd my Milk-white Breast;
 He fell, and saw the Beauties of the rest;
 Stroking my Belly down, he did descend
 To the lov'd Place where all his Joys must end.
 He seiz'd my ——, and gently pull'd the Hair;
 At that I trembled; there began my Fear.
 My soft and yielding Thighs he open forc'd;
 And quite into my —— his Finger thrust;
 With which he grop'd, and search'd my —— all round,
 And of a Maid the certain Tokens found.
 Then wide as could be stretch'd, my Thighs he spread,
 Under my B——ks too a Pillow laid,
 And told me then the fairest Mark was made.
 Then prostrate threw himself upon my Breast,
 That groan'd, with such unusual Weight oppress.

My

My——plump Lips his Finger drew aside,
 And then to enter, but in vain he try'd:
 His Body nimbly up and down he mov'd,
 Against my——his stiff T——stood.
 Sharp was the Pain I suffer'd, yet I bore't,
 Resolving not to interrupt the Sport;
 When suddenly I felt the trickling——
 O'erflow my——, my Belly, and the Bed.
 I saw his——, when *Callus* from me rose,
 Limber and weak, hang down his snotty Nose;
 For when they——, their Stiffness then they lose.
 But soon my *Callus* fix'd his Launce upright,
 Rais'd by my Hand, again prepar'd to fight;
 Tho' then within my——he could not——,
 Oft times he swore the Error he would mend,
 And the warm Juice thro' ev'ry Passage send.
 About my——I felt a burning Pain,
 Yet long'd with more Success to try again.
Callus once more new mounted, to begin,
 Gave me his——, and begg'd I'd put it in.
 At first against such Impudence I rail'd;
 But he with moving Arguments prevail'd:
 He kiss'd, and pray'd, and would not be deny'd,
 And said——blind, and needs must have a Guide.
 Where there's no Path, no Track, he runs astray;
 But in a beaten Road can find his Way.
 I put it in, and made the Passage stretch,
 Whilst he push'd on, t'enlarge the narrow Breach,
 His——bore forward with such Strength and Pow'r,
 That 'would have made a——, had there been none before.

When half was in, and but one half remain'd,
 I sigh'd aloud, and of the Smart complain'd.
 As he push'd on, the Pain I sharper found,
 And drew his Weapon from my bleeding Wound.
Callus is vex'd to lose his half-won Prize,
 And spews his juicy——upon my Thighs.
 My Hand upon my mangled——I laid,
 To feel the monstrous Wound his——had made,
 And found my Blood had all besmear'd the Bed.
 Too late I did repent my cursed Fate,
 And thus exclaim'd against a marry'd State.

Are these the tempting Joys to wedlock join'd?
 Are these the Joys that damn half Woman-kind?
 Will the God *Hymen* nothing else suffice,
 But bleeding Virgins for a Sacrifice?
 Men reap the Pleasure, Women all the Pain;
 Our Grief's their Sport, they laugh when we complain.
 But that a Husband now must be obey'd.
 I'd always——myself, and die a Maid.
 But *Callus* laugh'd, and at my Sorrow smil'd,
 And with a Kiss would fain be reconcil'd;
 My dearest Duck, my charming Fair, he cry'd,
 (Whilst I in Sighs and Groans alone reply'd.)

Call] Dost, like a Child, for trivial Smart repine?
 In Time our Bodies we with Ease shall join;
 Then must I drudge, while all the Pleasure's thine.
 Virgins can ne'er reap Wounds in *Venus's* Wars,
 But the Blood flows from honourable Scars.
 Like thee I suffer, and like thee I bleed;
 View my fore——his tender wounded Head.

When,

When, *Tullia*, this prolific Seed you spill'd,
An Infant, e'er begot or born, you kill'd.
Had half this——within your——been laid,
'Twould thee a Mother, me a Father made.
Wipe off those Tears, and as a Wife comply;
We'll —— again, and a new Method try.

Tull.] I knew my Folly justly was reprov'd,
And blush'd, but yet my kind Reprover lov'd;
I then submissive did for Pardon look,
And hugg'd him to my Bosom as I spoke.
Forgive the Weakness of a tender Maid,
And still what you Command shall be obey'd.
What Faults my Ignorance commits, forgive,
And I'll no more 'gainst your Endeavours strive.
My nice affected Modesty's subdu'd;
And what you bid, I'll do, tho' ne'er so lewd:
Still will I be consenting to thy Will,
And now get up, my Love, and take thy Fill;
If you will try once more, I will comply,
Tho' I to —— do a Martyr die.

When with a sporting Fondness this I said,
My Hand upon his—— I boldly laid.

Callus reply'd; *Tullia*, my Soul, my Life!
How dull, how ignorant's a maiden Wife?
Should I return thee to thy Mother's Arms,
E'er fully I've enjoy'd thy Virgin Charms,
She'd call me Bungler, if there's nothing done,
And think me most unfit to be her Son,
Pleasure, when got with Pain, augments our Joys;
But when its got with Ease, too soon it cloy.

Thy kind Assurance promises Success,
 Which should I not obtain, you'd love me less.
 Untimely Modesty deserveth Blame ;
 Then, since thou art a Novice at the Game,
 Yield to my Wish, and do as I advise ;
 Experience in this has made me wise.
 Then from the Window he an Ointment brought,
 Which his too hasty Passion had forgot.
 His——smelt sweet with what was rubb'd upon't,
 And seem'd as fitting for my Mouth as——.
 As soon as this was done, he made me rise,
 And place myself upon my Hands and Thighs.
 My Head down stooping on the Bed did lie,
 But my round B——ks lifted were on high,
 Just like a Cannon plac'd against the Sky.
 My bloody Smock he then turn'd up behind,
 As if to —— me he had design'd :
 Then with his sweet and slipp'ry——drew near,
 And vig'rously he charg'd me in the Rear.
 His ——, as soon as to my——apply'd,
 Up to the Hilt into my——did slide.
 He——, and ask'd me if my——was sore?
 Or his——hurt me as it did before?

I answer'd, No, my Dear ; on, do not cease ;
 But, oh ! do thus, do thus as long as e'er you please.
 This Stroke did fully answer our Intent,
 For at one Instant both together——.
 Just as we——, I cry'd, I faint, I die,
 And fell down in a blissful Ecstasy.

Kind

Kind *Callus* then drew out his——, and said,
There, pretty Fool, you've lost your Maidenhead.

Of all the Joys that to Delight are wont,
There's none so sweet as——in a——.
Each rapt'rous Sense is so divinely blest'd,
As can't by wisest Mortals be express'd.
I did my Fears and rash Repentance blame,
And all my former Follies did disclaim:
Tho' all my Body were one bleeding Wound,
Yet still the Pleasure is too cheaply found,
For——and——so mutually do love,
They'll all Obstructions to their Bliss remove:
(When Appetite provokes) the good old Cause,
A——is then our Liberty and Laws;
Then if all——down to Hell were hurl'd,
That luscious darling Sin would damn the World.

Now *Callus* had his rampant Fury laid,
And limber——hung down his dangling Head.
Since made a *perfect Woman*, ——and I
Arriv'd at much Familiarity.

But languishing poor——could do no more;
Tho' not for want of Will, but want of Pow'r.

But *Callus* swore, by all Love's mighty Gods,
He'd reinforce the Vigour of his——.

Then with Confections and a willing Mind,
Once more——was to——inclin'd.

I *Callus* then betwixt my 'Thighs receiv'd,
And nimbly up and down my B——ks heav'd.
Callus observing well the gamesome Play,
Within——Lips his standing——did lay,

Then with a lusty Thrust——spew'd
 A show'r of——, and all my Womb bedew'd;
 I too let fly, and did so much abound
In——, I had almost poor——drown'd.

Weary with Toil, and spent, while *Callus* slept,
 I from the Bed into the Chamber stept,
 Hoping I should not be by *Callus* mis'd,
 I set the Piss Pot to my——and piss'd;
 But the salt Water, whilst 'twas trickling down,
 Caus'd a sharp Pain I ne'er before had known;
 So whilst I sigh'd, and my poor——bewail'd,
 And 'gainst the too large——that made it, rail'd,
Callus awak'd; I blush'd, he laugh'd aloud,
 To see upon my Thighs such Streams of Blood.
 So, to conclude, *Callus* no Time did lose,
 But——me nine Times well before I rose.

Now, boldly put in Practice what you hear,
 'And don't the Loss of Reputation fear,
 But a good——'fore all Things else prefer.

And since the wanton Tale has rais'd Desire,
 Go——yourself, and quench the lustful Fire.

Thus *Tullia* did her luscious Story end,
 And with new Raptures fill her am'rous Friend.
 The Fires which she before had long conceal'd,
 Now rag'd aloft, and would not be repell'd.
 She curs'd herself, that so much Time she'ad spent,
 And ne'er knew what delicious——meant.
 Tho' she was to be marry'd the next Day,
 She thought 'twas much too long for her to stay;

And

And thus to *Tullia* quickly she reply'd,
 Have I, dull I, to sixteen Years arriv'd,
 And ne'er the Pleasure known of being——?
 How many glorious Days have I pass'd by,
 And ne'er yet tasted this ecstasick Joy?
 'Till now a perfect Ideot I've liv'd,
 And seem as from a Lethargy reviv'd.
 'Tis true, I've felt before, soft, gentle Fires,
 Pin'd with strange Wishes, and unknown Desires.
 Oft have I wonder'd why my Blood should rise,
 My Spirits flash, and sparkle in my Eyes,
 When Man has only kiss'd me by Surprise.
 Something it fill'd me with, I can't relate,
 And made me languish for I know not what.
 But prithee, dearest *Tullia*, now go on,
 And finish what you have so well begun;
 Instruct me well in this mysterious Art,
 And hide not from me the minutest Part.
 The Tale you've told, has rais'd a furious Flame;
 Is there no Way you can its Fury tame?
 I cannot 'till To-morrow, cannot stay;
 Contrive before, this Lechery to lay,
 My Finger I don't like, for that's a foolish Way.
Tullia reply'd, my dear *Octavia*, you,
 That I can teach, shall ev'ry Secret know.
 Come this Way, I've a pretty Engine here,
 Which us'd to ease the Torments of the Fair;
 And next those Joys which *charming Man* can give,
 This best a Woman's Passion can relieve.

This D——'tis, with which I oft was wont
 T' assuage the raging of my lustful——.
 For when——swell, and glow with strong Desire,
 'Tis only——can quench the lustful Fire;
 And when that's wanting, —— must supply
 The Place of——upon Necessity.
 Then on your Back lie down upon the Bed,
 And lift your Petticoats above your Head;
 I'll shew you a new Piece of Lechery,
 For I'll the Man, you shall the Woman be.
 Your thin transparent Smock, my dear, remove,
 That last bless'd Cover to the Scene of Love.
 What's this I see! you fill me with Surprise,
 Your charming Beauties dazzle quite my Eyes!
 Gods! what a Leg is here! what lovely Thighs!
 A Belly too, as polish'd Iv'ry white,
 And then a——would charm an Anchorite!
 Oh! now I wish I were a Man indeed,
 That I might gain thy pretty Maidenhead.
 But since, my Dear, I can't my Wish obtain,
 Let's now proceed t'instruct you in the Game;
 That Game that brings the most substantial Bliss;
 F——of all Games the sweetest is.
 Ope wide your Legs, and throw them round my Back,
 And clasp your snowy Arms about my Neck.
 Your B——ks then move nimbly up and down,
 Whilst with my Hand I thrust the D——Home.
 You'll feel the Titilation by and by;
 Have you no Pleasure yet, no tickling Joy?
 Oh! yes, yes, now I faint, I die,

}
 }
 Octavia.

Octavia now, quite spent, to *Tullia* said,
 O! what a foolish ign'rant Thing's a Maid?
 I long impatiently 'till I am led
 To that vast Scene of Bliss, a Genial Bed.
 If simple——can such Joys produce,
 What must proceed from Man's prolifick Juice?
 Oh! that must please one sure to such Excess,
 That no one can its Charms in Words express.
 'Tis true, my *Tullia*, you have made me wise,
 And drawn this Cloud of Ign'rance from my Eyes.
 But, Faith, 'tis well I shall To-morrow wed,
 Or else I'm sure I never could have staid,
 But must have thrown away that Toy a Maidenhead.
Tullia, then smiling, to her Pupil cry'd,
 I'm glad I've made you fit to be a Bride;
 Therefore I hope, that when you're in the Act,
 You will upon the Pains I've took reflect,
 And say, To *Tullia* 'tis this Bliss I owe,
 For she to me did first the Secrets show,
 How 'tis the Pleasure does from Man to Woman flow.
 She taught me first the Raptures which proceed
 From the Injection of Man's gen'rous——
 But now let us, with needful Sleep, awhile
 Refresh our Limbs, tir'd with the pleasing Toil.
 In grateful Slumbers pass the Night away,
 In expectation of the coming Day;
 Which in thy richest Pride and Glory drefs'd,
 Shall give thee to the Youth to be possess'd,
 And reap those Joys which cannot be express'd.



Lord ROCHESTER against his
 W H O R E - P I P E.

WAS ever Mortal Man like me,
 Continually in Jeopardy,
 And always, silly P——, by thee!

'Tis strange you should be still so stout!
 Have you forgot the double Clout,
 That lately swath'd your dropping Snout?

But why should I at that admire,
 When Ulcers, fill'd with liquid Fire,
 Could not from——make thee retire!

But in these hot and rigid Pains,
 When Venom runs through all thy Veins,
 (The Product of thy tainted Reins)

Then, even then, thou didst essay
 To lead my tim'rous Flesh astray,
 Still pushing, though you made no Way.

There's not a Petticoat goes by,
 But from my Cod-piece out you fly,
 Not to be held 'twixt Hand and Thigh.

I never felt a soft white Hand,
 But *Hector* like you strutting stand,
 As if the World you would command.

Then

Then must I never rest, 'till she
Chafe and squeeze out my Lechery,
Which is the very Strength of me.

For all these crying Sins of thine,
The suff'ring Part is always mine,
'Tis I am cramm'd with *Turpentine*.

For my Sake and your own, beware,
Remember that you Mortal are,
And liable to Scald and Scar.

But if audaciously you still
Will——be against my Will,
Know, thus thy Leachery I'll kill.

Cakes of Ice shall wall thee in,
'Till thou appear'st nought else but Skin,
Not like a ——, but Chitterlin.

If what I've said will nothing do,
But sniveling——you still pursue,
Loving in Filth and Stench to stew,

My Sentence I'll in Action put,
Which shall so tame thee, not to rut,
That thou shalt rivel like a Gut.

For know, in Snow I'd rather lie,
Than still in *Ætna's* Flames to fry;
Thus——I'll tame thy Lechery.

*The Mock S O N G.*

I Love as well as others do;
I'm young, not yet deform'd;
My tender Heart, sincere and true,
Deserves not to be scorn'd.
Why, PHILLIS, then, why will you lie
With forty Lovers more?
Can I (said she) with Nature vie?
Alas! I am, alas! I am a Whore.

Were all my Body larded o'er
With Darts of Love so thick,
That you might find in ev'ry Pore
A well hung standing——;
Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,
My Heart would never doubt,
In am'rous Rage and Ecstasy
To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes——out.



An INTERLUDE.

Actus I. Scena I.

The Scene, A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Tarfander and Swivanthe.

Tarf. **F**OR standing——we kind Nature thank,
And yet adore those — that make 'em lank.
Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy
Preys on itself, and does itself destroy.

Swi. Do not thy——, Nature's best Gift, despise,
That Girl that made it fall, will make it rise;
Tho' it awhile the am'rous Combat shun,
And seems from mine into thy Belly run,
Yet 'twill return more vig'rous and more fierce
Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in *Tierce*.
It but retires, as losing Gamesters do,
'Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a-new.

Tarf. What Pleasure has a Gamester, if he knows,
Whene'er he plays, that he must always lose?

Swi.

206 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

Swi. What——loses, 'twere a Pain to keep ;
We say not, that our Nights are lost in Sleep ;
What Pleasures we in those soft Wars employ,
We do not waste, but to the full enjoy.

[*Ex. Tarsander.*

Enter CELIA.

Cel. Madam, Methinks those sleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a Lover's Care ;
I fear you have with Interest repaid
Those eager Thrusts which at your——he made,

Swi. With Force united, my soft Heart he storm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her Lover can withstand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he less than *Man*.

[*Exeunt.*





A Panegyrick upon CUNDUMS.

O All ye NYMPHS, in lawless-Love's Disport
 Affiduous! whose ever open Arms
 Both Day and Night stand ready to receive
 The fierce Assaults of *Britain's* am'rous Sons!
 Whether with *Golden-Watch* or stiff *Brocade*
 You shine in Play-house or the Drawing-Room
 Whores thrice Magnificent! Delight of KINGS,
 And *Lords* of goodliest Note; or in mean Stuffs
 Ply ev'ry Evening near *St. Clement's* Pile*,
 Or Church of fam'd *St. Dunstan* †, or in Lane,
 Or Alley's dark Recefs, or open Street,
 Known by white Apron, bart'ring Love with Cit,
 Or stroling Lawyer's Clerk at cheapest Rate;
 Whether of § *NEEDHAM's* or of ‡ *JORDAN's* Train,
 Hear, and Attend: In CUNDUM's mighty Praise
 I sing, for sure 'tis worthy of a Song*.
 VENUS assist my Lays, Thou who presid'st
 In City-Ball or Courtly-Masquerade,

Goddeſs

* *St. Clement's Church in the Strand.* † *St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street.* § ‡ *Two noted Bawds.*

* *Carmina digna Dea, certe est Dea Carmina digna.*

OVID.

Goddeſs ſupream! ſole Authreſs of our Loves
 Pure and impure! whoſe Province 'tis to rule
 Not only o'er the chaſter Marriage-Bed,
 But filthieſt Stews, and Houſes of kept Dames!

* *To thee I call, and with a friendly Voice,*
 CUNDUM I ſing, by CUNDUM now ſecure
 Boldly the willing Maid, by Fear awhile
 Kept virtuous, owns thy Pow'r, and taſtes thy Joys
 Tumultuous; Joys untasted but for Them.
 Unknown big Belly, and the ſquawling Brat,
 Beſt Guard of Modeſty! She Riots now
 Thy Vot'ry, in the Fulneſs of thy Blifs.

“ † Happy the Man, who in his Pocket keeps,
 “ Whether with Green or Scarlet Ribband bound,
 “ A well made CUNDUM——He, nor dreads the Ills
 “ Of *Shankers* or *Cordee*, or *Buboes* Dire! ”

Thrice Happy He——(for when in lew'd Embrace
 Of Transport-feigning Whore, Creature obſcene!
 The cold inſipid Purchase of a Crown!
 Bleſs'd Chance! Sight ſeldom ſeen! and moſtly given
 By Templar, or Oxonian——Beſt Support
 Of *Drury*, and her ſtarv'd Inhabitants;)
 With CUNDUM arm'd he wages am'rous Fight
 Fearleſs, ſecure; nor Thought of future Pains
 Reſembling Prick of Pins and Needle's Point,

E'er

* To thee I call, but with no friendly Voice.
Devil in Milton.

† Alluſion to the *Splendid Shilling*.

E'er checks his Raptures, or disturbs his Joys;
 So *AJAX*, Grecian Chief, with Seven-fold Shield,
 Enormous! brav'd the *Trojan's* fiercest Rage;
 While the hot daring Youth, whose giddy Lust
 Or Taste too exquisite, in Danger's Spite
 Resolves upon *Fruition*, unimpair'd
 By intervening Armour, CUNDUM Hight!
 Scarce three Days past, bewails the dear-bought Bliss.
 For now tormenting sore with scalding Heat
 Of Urine, dread fore-runner of a Clap!
 With Eye repentant, he surveys his Shirt
 Diversify'd with Spots of yellow Hue,
 Sad Symptom of ten thousand Woes to come!
 Now no Relief, but from the Surgeon's Hand,
 Or Pill-prescribing *Leach* *, tremendous Sight
 To Youth diseas'd! In Garret high he moans
 His wretched Fate, where vex'd with nauseous *Draughts*
 And more afflicting *Bolus*, he in Pangs
 Unfelt before, curses the dire Result
 Of lawless Revelling; from Morn to Eve
 By never-ceasing keen *Emeticks* urg'd;
 Nor flights he now his Grannum's Sage Advice:
 Nor feels he only but in Megrim'd Head,
 Head fraught with Horror—Child of Sallow Spleen,
 Millions of idle Whims and Fancies dance
 Alternate, and perplex his labouring Mind.

What

* *An old Word for Doctor.*

210 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

What erst he has been told of sad Mischance
 Either in *Pox* or *Clap*, of falling Nose,
 Scrap'd Shins, and *Buboes*' Pains, of vile Effect!
 All feels the Youth, or fancies that he feels,
 Nay, be it but a *Gleet*, or gentlest *Clap*,
 His ill-foreboding Fears deny him Rest,
 And fancied Poxes vex his tortur'd Bones;
 Too late convinc'd of CUNDUM's Sov'reign Use.
 Hail, *Manes* of Love-propagating Pimp!
 Long since deceas'd, and long by me ador'd;
 From whose prolific Brain, by lucky Hit,
 Or Inspiration from all-gracious Heaven,
 First sprang the mighty Secret; Secret to guard
 From Poison virulent of unsound Dame.
 Hail, happy *Albion*, in whose fruitful Land
 The wondrous *Pimp arose, from whose strange Skill
 In-inmost Nature, thou hast reap'd more Fame,
 More solid Glory, than from NEWTON's Toil;
 NEWTON who next is *England*'s noblest Boast:
 If aught I can presage, as *Smyrna* once,
Chios and *Colophon*, and *Rhodian*-Isle,
 Famous for vast *Coloss*s; and *Argos* fair
 And *Salamis*, well known for *Grecian* Fight
 With mighty XERXES; and the Source of Arts,
 High *Athens*! long contended for the Praise
 Of HOMER's Birth Place, blind, egregious Bard!

In

* Colonel CUNDUM who invented them; call'd so,
 from his Name.

In after Times, so shall with warm Dispute
Europa's rival Cities proudly strive,
 Ambitious each of being deem'd the Seat
 Where CUNDUMANUS first drew vital Air.
 Too cruel Fate—Partial to human Race—
 To us Propitious—But O hard Decree!
 Why, why so long in Darksome Womb of Night
 Dwelt the profound Arcanum, late reveal'd;
 Say I not rather why ye Niggard Stars,
 Are not your Blessings given unpall'd with Ill,
 And Love, your greatest Blessing, free from Curse,
 Curse of Disease! How many gallant Youths
 Have fallen by the Iron Hand of Death
 Untimely, immature; As if, to Love,
 Your everlasting Purpose, were a Crime.
 But O ye Youths born under happier Stars,
Britannia's chiefest Hope! upon whose Cheeks
 Gay Health sits smiling, and whose nervous Limbs
 Sweet Ease, her Offspring fair! invigorates
 Unbrac'd as yet by foul Contagion,
 Fav'rites of Fortune! let th' unhappy Lot
 Of others, teach you timely to beware;
 That when replete with Love, and spurr'd by Lust,
 You seek the *Fair-One* in her Cobweb Haunts,
 Or when allur'd by Touch of passing Wench,
 Or caught by Simile insidious of the Nymph
 Who in Green-Box, at Play-house nightly flaunts,
 And fondly calls Thee to Love's luscious Feast,
 Be cautious, stay awhile, 'till fitly arm'd.

With

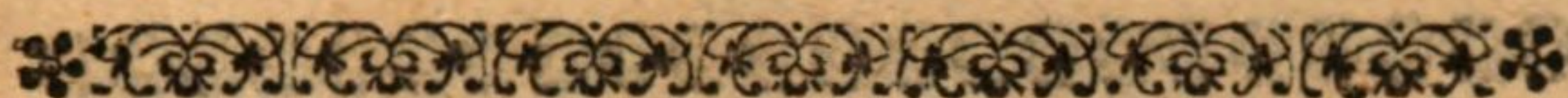
With CUNDUM Shield, at * *Rummer* best supply'd,
 Or never-failing † *Rose*; so may you thrum
 Th' extatic Harlot, and each joyous Night
 Crown with fresh Raptures; 'till at last unhurt,
 And sated with the Banquet, you retire.

By me forewarn'd thus may you ever tread
 Love's pleasing Paths in blest Security.

* † *Two famous Taverns of Intrigue near Covent-Garden.*



The



The Happy Life of a Country Parson.
By Dr. S W I F T.

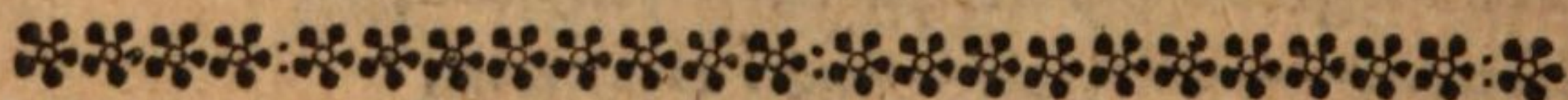
P Arson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A *Wife* that makes conserves; a *Steed*
That carries double when there's need:
October, store, and best *Virginia*,
Tytthe-Pig, and mortuary *Guinea*:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large *Concordance*, bound long since:
Sermons to *Charles* the First, when Prince;
A *Chronicle* of ancient standing;
A *Chrysostom* to smoothe thy band in.
The *Polyglott* — three parts, — my text,
Howbeit — likewise — now to my next,
Lo here the *Septuagint*, — and *Paul*,
To sum the whole, — the close of all.
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire and kiss his wife;
On *Sundays* preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on *Fridays* — if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S — t.

On



On a LADY *singing to her* Lute.
By Mr. Waller.

FAir Charmer cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threatned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music shou'd be heard alive.
Orpheus cou'd charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he;
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.



On SILENCE, *by* Lord Rochester.

I.

Silence! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, e'er Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, e'er heav'n was form'd, or earth,
E'er fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
 How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?
 At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

F I N I S.



Rochester, John Wilmot of, 1647-1680 / Dillon, Wentworth, 1633-1685 /
Dorset, Charles Sackville of

The Works Of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, And Dorset The Dukes of
Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, &c. With Memoirs of their Lives ; In Two
Volumes ; With Additions, and Adorned with Cuts
Bd.: 2.

London (1739)

P.o.angl. 343 m-1/2

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748728-1